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The Celt and the World

A Study of the Relation of
Celt and Teuton in History

By
Shane Leslie

New York
Charles Scribner's Sons
1917

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Published February, 1917

DEC 10 1948

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Contents

	PAGE
Introduction	1
The Aryans and Their Religion	16
Celt and Teuton	43
The Conversion of the Celt	83
The Holy Aryan Empire	109
The Aryan Dispersion	137
A View of Irish History	163
The Teutonic Family Split	197

I

INTRODUCTION

THE catastrophe which has befallen Europe has turned men's minds to history. This book is not history or a philosophy. It is only suggestive that the foam of history is too often mistaken for the waves. It is calming to look from "history in the making" to history that is already made—from seething smoke to settled dust. If hope in the future is clouded and charity excluded in the present, the baffled optimist must renew his faith in the destiny of the white man out of the past. To those who realise the huge disaster, history can offer some suggestion if little consolation. As drowning men visualise their past lives in the moment of death, so tradition and history flash before the nations of Europe in their agony. Hence the appeals to half-buried racial instincts, to artificial nationalisms, and even to relig-

ious straws floating on the maelstrom. Cause and issue, sentiment and prejudice are contorted and confused. The satanic facility of explaining deeds of darkness in terms of light is fully developed. Culture covers a multitude of sins. They make a desert and call it Peace—wrote the ironic Tacitus. They have since made slaughter the preoccupation of civilisation and called it a biological necessity. To describe the war as a spiritual manifestation, whether in its origin or purpose or result, is as fantastic as the scriptural attempt of the priests of Baal to ally themselves with the spiritual order by gashing themselves with knives. It is wisest to think of the war in terms of materialism. We live in the Teutonic Age, and the powers of this world must have their way. The spiritual is only treated and trafficked as an auxiliary. In warfare even the Holy Ghost is mobilised. *Gott mit uns!* While the access of the individual to the spiritual has been helped and hastened, the attitude of God to the materialistic outcome is unaffected by lyddite or litany. The sar-

casm that God fights on the side of the big battalions is also a reverent assertion that man is given free will and free play with his existence.

For the time, and long to come, all must seem disaster. Hate and horror glut the maelstrom. Kings and Cæsars are locked in blood. The Pope is unheard. The law, moral, spiritual, or international, is in suspense. Historians must endeavour to unweave the far-reaching webs out of which disaster has been spun. The past must be thought out generously, and feud, jingoism, confusion be replaced by clarity, sanity, and charity. In the heavens there may be no visible sign save the winking stars, but let all who believe in rational religion endeavour to allay the effects of the Great Disaster and meet half-way the suggestions inspired by a Providence, which has only too clearly made the earth a trust unto mankind.

It is wrong to speak of the war as a sudden conflict between God and Hell, Light and Darkness personified in nations. Rights and wrongs, races and religions are inex-

tricably mixed in the past. The immediate wrong lies with individuals who brought on the war by deliberate intent or by indirect carelessness. The immediate result is that the supremacy of the European and the priority of the white man may be threatened. The destiny of *homo Europæus superstitiosus, i. e.*, of the Aryan, is affected. The stay of the white man on the planet has been short enough in all conscience. His collapse before the yellow races is not outside the field of conjecture. At such an hour it is interesting to inquire who were the Indo-Europeans that the mastery of the earth should have fallen to them. And what is the origin of the Celt and the Teuton, the first and second born of Aryan stock, who have in different ways shown themselves dynamic forces in the world?

It is as difficult to distinguish the real Celt as the real Teuton, for they have often interbred. But to outline the fortunes and characteristics of the historical Irish and the historical German affords a fair clew to their type and meaning in the world. As

every man, whether he knows it or not, is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian—a follower of the great idealist or of the great encyclopædist, so every north European is a Celt or a Teuton. Vaguely we may describe Brittany and Connaught as Celtic, Saxony and Sussex as Teutonic, but the blood is often, and especially in England, irrevocably mixed. Much of the genius of the British or Anglo-Celtic Empire, as it is preferable to call it, springs from the fusion of Celtic and Teutonic blood. Who would not recognise the heights attainable by an Anglo-Irishman in the person of Edmund Burke?

The war has brought out the importance of studying what the future relations of Celt and Teuton are to be. Celtic Europe is fighting on the side of the Allies—Irish, Highlanders, Bretons, Cornish, Welsh. Celtic America is divided in sympathy. An Irish-German entente has been perversely brought about, with dubious results to Ireland herself. How little Ireland and Germany can have in common may appear

in the course of this book. The fortunes of Ireland are with the Anglo-Celtic empire, though the reactionary English element has by unwisdom obscured the path. Granting all that is tragic and horrific in Irish history, it is clear from the story of the past thirty years that the relations of Ireland and England are those of the mistletoe to the oak save that it is the sap of the former which has strengthened the latter. Celtic Ireland must put forth her own form of culture and life without being absorbed or crushed by the great imperial growth in which geography has placed her. For five hundred years England endeavoured to crush the Gaelic culture. In the reflective wisdom of old age she recognised Irish rights. A singular series of accidents enabled Germany to break off the mutual sentiments growing between England and Ireland at a critical moment. England was, unfortunately, panic-stricken into a return to coercion, with the result that the anomalous Irish-German entente came into reality in America. The mistakes and misunder-

standings on both sides have stirred up all the old Celtic-Teutonic feud in Ireland herself—"the wars of the Gael and the Gall," as the old historians called it. But no contradiction should blind the Irish to the fact that Germany's purposes must be selfish, and that no entente based on hatred can be lasting or profitable. The future of the Aryan race and the peace of the world depend enormously on a good understanding and eventually an alliance between England and America. To this the Irish are the key. Hitherto, and for good reasons, the key has stuck in the lock. The oil of justice applied to Ireland will open that lock. Blood only makes rust.

The ratio between Celt and Teuton is difficult to fix. The Teuton is the Roman of the modern world, but there is no parallel for the Celt. Again and again the English and the Germans have compared themselves to the majestic law-givers of imperial Rome. The only race which has a similar history to the Irish Celts is the Jewish.

The Irish are neither as ancient nor as modern, in another sense, as the Jews. Irish and Jew have been denied their own land, and have become international in consequence. Each has become a world force in the very endeavour to escape from the world. Isolation and persecution are largely responsible for their characters. The Celt has never persecuted the Jew. The true Teuton, from Shakespeare to Goethe, is anti-Semite. The Jews, unlike the Irish, have never absorbed fresh blood, but they are alike in a religious vocation. The Irish have as great a reputation for fighting as the Jews have for finance, but their true genius is also for religion. Neither has ever felt quite at home in Europe, where the Teuton has persecuted both. Both have been scattered as wanderers through the world, and both exert a greater power for their numbers than if there were a King of the Jews in Jerusalem, or a President of Ireland in Dublin.

Dates are always artificial stitches in history-making, but it is interesting to note

that the beginning of anti-Semitism in Spain and the birth of Henry VIII of England took place within the same twelve months. The Spanish expulsion proved to the Jews the same as Henry VIII and his dynasty to the Irish—the beginning of persecution and dispersion. By some strange compensation Spain discovered and England colonised that continent which has in time afforded to both Irish and Jew their surest asylum. Columbus signed his contract the month after the Jewish expulsion. With some poetic justice it is said in that North America which Spaniard and Anglo-Saxon successively planned for themselves, that "the Jews own and the Irish run it." The Passover and Patrick's day are better kept in the United States than St. George's day. The Teutonic world has persecuted both races, and the prophets of the Hebrew and the Gael have made mockery in their hearts of a world which is less lasting than the religious ideals with which their shattered nations have been inspired. Rome destroyed the earthly Jerusalem, but a Jewish religion

was enthroned in mediæval Rome. England wrecked Ireland, but the harmony of the English-speaking world is largely dependent to-day on Irishmen.

The Irish Celts have crossed their blood with Dane, Norman, and Saxon, while the Jews long kept their blood intact by a perfection of hieratic hygiene. Their seed is their sacrament. As a whole people they have observed laws elsewhere only known to royal families. As a result the Hittite nose like the Hapsburg jaw endureth for ever. It is a queer thought that the same folk who banked for Babylon do banking in New York. If their religious mission is finished they can still teach the Aryan the lesson of race.

The Celts have kept certain characteristics, but they have lost their purity of race. Religiously, the Celtic and Semite types were at different poles. The Jews hated mysticism and despised nature. The Celts were mystics and worshipped nature, with whom their descendants associated themselves in a hundred ways. The wind in Munster is called "Desmond's keen," as

the moon in Scotland was called "MacGregor's lantern." They loved animals and sanctified trees. The Jews made many animals unclean and hewed down the groves. They were the Unitarians of antiquity, for the desert out of which they brought their Mosaic mummy is monotheist. To the Celts, the valleys, lakes, and mountains concealed many deities. Jews have no fairies. But to them was discovered the devil.

Both Celt and Teuton derived their religion from the Jew. The songs of the Jewish exile became the Christian Psalms. The Jews perfected the type of priest but slew their prophets, the Last of whom became to Celt and Teuton a high priest for ever. The deep contrast between the Old and the New Testaments shows Christ to have come almost in sign of divine irony to the Jews—an irony which went to their souls, for they had no answer but to drive the iron back.

The response of Celt and Teuton was far different. Each for a time played the part of a chosen race. During the seventh and

eighth centuries the Irish evangelised western Europe. With the advent of Charlemagne the Teuton organised the Holy Roman Empire under the influence of which the modern nationalities of Europe dreamed fitfully enough that they were of one family and of one kirk.

The conflict of Celt and Teuton was constant through the Middle Ages. The eternal Irish question is its historical manifestation. As the Roman Empire smote the Jew, so the British Empire scattered the Irish. "*Judæa capta*" appeared on coins of Titus, and "*Hibernia pacata*" was the motto of Elizabethan generals. In America the Jew and the Irish came into their own, but each retained a sentimental love for the land each was determined never to live in. Zionism and Home Rule are dreams that are dreamed in the great cities of the Continent to which all European affairs assume a tinge as of far-off unhappy things.

Celt and Jew have brought all their racial gifts to the service of America, but their numbers can hardly have been contemplated

by its founders. The America of the Revolution was largely Anglo-Saxon, which is now far from being a predominant element. Under certain conditions Celt and Jew will prove upsetting to Anglo-Saxon institutions. Bryce says the Irish are blamed for whatever goes wrong in American cities, as the cat is in the kitchen! A Jew in commerce or an Irishman in politics will react to ancient influences due to penal laws. If the Anglo-Saxon influence has subsided in the United States, the German millions have made Teutonic blood almost as great a factor as the Celtic in the future. But what have Celt and Teuton represented in the Old World before they plunged their destinies upon the New?

Of their ideal and practice this book is but an outline, a sketch of the dominant, practical Teuton on the one hand and of the dreamful but undying Celtic *Athanasius* who has stood *contra mundum*, against the world and the powers thereof on the other —the two types, of whom Lord Acton has said the Celts supplied the material and the

Teutons the impulse of history. The tale of Celtic lands has been a tale of Teutonic invasion. The historical difference between France and Ireland is due to the fact that the Frankish mould applied to the Celt was a success while the Anglo-Saxon impress on Ireland was a complete failure. In the action and reaction of Celt and Teuton lies the woof of history. The terms must be used elastically, for properly we cannot speak of a Celtic race or an Aryan race. But there is a Celtic character which with a certain dialect distinguishes the Celtic parts so called. Likewise there is a Teutonic aspect of looking on the world. For need of a better word we must also speak of an Aryan race and ideal, though European, Caucasian, and Indo-European are equally used. The most that can be said racially is that Celtic and Teutonic aristocracies were implanted on the older races which lie submerged in Aryan countries to-day. These compose Aryaland which has never quite included either Europe or Christendom.

On the other hand, can we trace different psychologies in Western Europe to-day? Can we use Celt and Teuton as formulas for a spiritual and a material tendency? Can we see in them the rival heirs of Christian Rome? Can we see the manifestation of the Celt in the Conversion of the West and later in the leavening of the Anglo-Saxon world? Can we see in the Holy Roman Empire as in the British and German Empires the apotheosis of the Teuton? Can we discern their rival workings in the feud for the Rhine, in the dispute for the papacy, in the wars of religion and in the no less fatuous wars of nationality to-day? Can we trace a plan on the canvas or a progress or a Providence, or is it all unmeaning conflict amongst atoms circling in the dead hand of a Destiny which itself has no destiny, or can we trace a living God dividing and blending, choosing and using the nations, and even so must we not begin to ask now—is He mad or are we?

II

THE ARYANS AND THEIR RELIGION

The old Irish genealogists, as was proper in a country where respect is paid to race in man as well as in horse, traced their descent back to "Adam Son of the Living God." Nevertheless the origin of the Celt, like his destiny, is a mystery. The Celtic race was already old when classical history opened. We cannot reach far back. Even the signs and clews afforded by præ-history are doubtful, when so much of written history is uncertain if not false. History is even more at the mercy of the historians than religion is at the mercy of the theologians. History is only an exact science in lucky moments, and its evidences would not always be accepted in law. Men of science are derisive of theologians who carry their conjectures into a future eternity, but men of science are not less dogmatic in their conjectures

as to the past. They are generally more interesting than credible. Probabilities are all that can be offered the human mind avid of certainty as to its past or its future. Historians cannot tell the origin of the white man. The Aryan theory of the origin of the white man is as strong a probability as can be found. "There was and is an Aryan race," said Huxley. But as theology summons faith to be her lamp-bearer, so history calls imagination for link-boy. Upon reasonable imagination history must project her images. Imagination without reason breeds the monstrous. The flotsam of facts, however scientifically salved, is not sufficient to a philosophy of history. Hypothesis and even fancy must be allowed play, for the human mind often exceeds if it sometimes falls short of a calculating machine. Not by dialectic did the Lord God will the world to be saved, it was said of old, and by something nobler than parchmented facts, something less petty than prejudices and politics must the history of man be lifted out of its past and present chaos.

Hence the Aryan theory of a primitive white race from which Europeans and Americans are descended in varying degrees of purity. Only geologists can hint at the depth and darkness of præ-history. If we would know ourselves, we must trace this race—otherwise confusion and uncertainty will arise as to "the white man's burden" in the world. Is it the burden of commerce or conquest or haply—of the Cross?

The clews of language, folk-lore, and physical character lead us to deduce an extinct race with a common tongue and a common faith in a remote past.

Granting a primitive white race which swept from "somewhere in Asia" westward over Europe (for the ocean would preclude their arrival from the West) that race would not unlikely reach the furthest limits possible in its purity. The alternative is that the Aryan was a blond variety of the dark præ-Aryan. The Celt of western Europe was the foam on the crest of the Aryan wave, and his descendants in Ireland as the most insulated of the Celts should be the

purest and strongest in blood. If the Aryans have left descendants, the Irish are among them.

The original Aryans moved out of the plains that are neither Asia nor Europe—a race of superior shepherds, ennobled by a mystic religion and distinguished by white skins and developed speech. They were superior to the Asiatic nomads, and to the remnants of neolithic man that clung to the crannies of Europe. We can only guess that one wave moved west into Europe, and another south into India, whence the term Indo-European, out of which indefinite theories can be built. Some trace phantom echoes of the Aryan name in Irania, and Armenia. Ireland seems to mean western or sacred.

From the Aryans we derive our ideas of caste, race, and speech. Their language perished before history. But its descendant tongues, long believed to be alien to one another, appear in the light of Grimm's law to be a connected group. Greek, Latin, Celtic, Gothic, and Sanskrit are the daugh-

ters of one mother. Sanskrit has survived as a sacred tongue much as the primeval ginko has been preserved as a sacred tree within the temple precincts of the East. Sanskrit roots can explain what was forgotten in classical times, for instance, how the story of Athena, leaping full-grown from the head of Zeus, was the daybreak springing from the sky. In the same way Irish literature throws light on a primal Europe lost sight of in the self-centred eyes of Latin and Greek.

The Aryans in India intermarried, but the so-called Aryan races there cannot, for reasons of colour, be considered kin to the European. Nevertheless, their Sanskrit is derived from the tongue which bred the dialects of the white man, and their Vedic hymns are related to the mysticism of the North. In Europe the Aryan found his true inheritance, for the Aryan instinct moves west, and ever west. The new race began to fill the plains and peninsulas, while the neolithic remnant fled to the hills.

The mystery of the white race confronts

us. The law of race is the primary Aryan law. For the Aryan to mingle with the non-Aryan—the dark Negroid or the yellow Mongoloid—is fatal. The mongrel is de-Aryanised. An Eastern tradition says that the white race withdrew before the cold, which is supposedly a reference to the Ice Age. The white man more likely came south out of the cold than north out of the tropics, which are still fatal to his progeny. The Arctic has always haunted the European mind, compelling endless polar expeditions —the Arctic which is called after that great constellation by which the northern race has always guided itself on land and sea. Though the Mongol invented the magnetic compass, he never dreamed of compassing the North Pole in a junk. The cradle of the Aryans perhaps lies to-day embalmed under the glaciers, and every polar expedition is possibly a pilgrimage. We may start with race as a historic certainty, and the dictum that "blood will tell" not in the petty social sense, but in the real divisions of the human family. There is no more a racial brother-

hood of man than there is a concert of birds. Nature approves the blending of similar race stock, but abhors the mongrel and the mestizo. How much of Irish genius is due to Irish-Norman and Anglo-Celtic strains! When the unhappy Irish exiles in the West Indies mingled with the negro, only a ghastly Celtic-gibbering mulatto was the result—a goblin in the sunlight! The Indian has not improved Spanish stock in Mexico, or the negro the Portuguese in Brazil.

What is the Aryan type? Science has struggled to distinguish fair hair from dark hair, and long skull from short skull. But the pure Aryan has interbred, and though he retains the supreme distinction of colour, there are endless deviations from the supposedly bright-haired, long-skulled, blue-eyed type. Hair, skull, and colour distinguished the Aryan from the dark aborigines of Europe as they distinguish his descendant from the Asiatic to-day. The Aryan invaders of India realised there was an Aryan colour. The Sanskrit for caste is "varna," which means colour. The Eng-

lish were not the first white conquerors, and their easy domination of India harks back to the instinct which is still cherished by high-caste Brahmans.

The tests of eye and hair enable us to associate together the original Celts and Teutons. The ancients called them both Celt, for Cæsar was the first to distinguish between Gauls and Germans. The word Celtic is almost a misnomer for the Gaelic descendants of Celts who married into dark races.

Both Celt and Teuton seem to have been flaxen-haired, and the reverse of squat-skulled as a type. In details other races have since trespassed on their characteristics. The Irish were Celts with admixture of the indigenous stock of Europe, who had found refuge in the westernmost island. Tacitus considered the Germans an unmixed race, but who can say how much Slavonic blood has entered since? Tacitus also saw a German origin (he meant Aryan) in the Scotch. The dark Iberian type he noticed in the south of England.

The absorption of the dark primitive race by the Aryan appears best in Irish mythology. Except for dim talk about Titans, Pelasgians, and other earth children, the Greeks and Latins forgot this phase. Aryan nurseries in northern Europe have much to say about the early race in their tales of trolls and giants.

The præ-Aryan people were represented by Iberians in Spain and the Firbolgs in Ireland. The Celts conquered and absorbed them in Ireland. In Spain they produced a Celtiberian stock from which the Celtic strain has not survived. In the modern Basques we actually have a survival of the dark race with a non-Aryan tongue, possibly out of Africa. Here and there the dark type held out in the mountains—the type scientists call "the old black breed," and Irish peasants "the mountainy men." The Firbolg probably came to Ireland while it was still connected with the Continent, for the next comers, the Fomorians, were said to have come out of the sea. The Celtic Gael was the first historic invader of Ireland.

The Firbolg were described in legend as a black-haired, disturbing element, the Gaels as a fair-haired, musical folk. The older stock became field for the stronger seed, but some of their characteristics passed to their conquerors. The difference in skull was noticeable, for the Gaels called the others "Cat-heads." The older race was naturally driven into Connaught, just as the "small dark Welsh" were driven into Wales. "To hell or Connaught" may well have been the alternative offered by the Gael to the "Cat-heads." By a curious irony of history it was one Oliver Cromwell, chief of the Round-heads! who drove the Gaels themselves into Connaught centuries later. But Sir William Butler grimly pointed out that Cromwell's desecrated dust now lies where "Connaught Place" is in London.

The Celts of Ireland and Britain imposed their language on the early race just as the Saxons later imposed a Teutonic tongue on them. Thus we find a dark type in the west of Ireland still speaking the Celtic thrust on them by the fair Gaelic race, who

elsewhere have had English thrust upon them in turn. So language is no test of race.

Short-sighted investigators have suggested that the dark type in western Ireland was Spanish, due either to the gallantry of Spanish traders, or to rescues from the Great Armada. Both Roderic O'Connor, the last King of Ireland, and Daniel O'Connell have been assigned to the dark type. Nevertheless O'Connell's mentality was Celtic to excess.

The round-headed Firbolg proved a problem before they finally mingled with the Celt. History records a rising of "Cat-heads" under Carbery. There is some probability that the Picts were akin to the Firbolg, and doubtless to the Catti, who were driven into Caithness. Scotch Pictland is still marked by a dike that is called the Catrail. "The Danes cast," so-called, is the dike the Ulster Celts threw up against the primitive race, whom they penned in the troublesome northeast corner of Ireland.

It is noticeable that in Gaelic-speaking

Ireland a man entering the house still bids God bless all save the cat! Is this a trace of memorial hatred for the previous race, and who were the race? Tacitus records the race Catti, who dwelt about the Hercynian Forest, as fiercer and less domestic than the surrounding Germans.

It is interesting again to trace the fair hair which is associated with the Aryans of north Europe. Bright hair remains a distinct and glowing type in Germany, Scandinavia, Saxony, Scotland, and Ireland. Tacitus noticed the "ruddy locks" of the Caledonians, and the red hair which with blue eyes made the most conspicuous family likeness among Germans. It is the same red hair which flashed on the Ostrogoths invading Italy. It fell from under the helms of the vikings crossing the North Sea, and gilded the heads of the Gaels entering the river mouths of Ireland. The blonds of the Baltic and the Irish warriors were at enmity, when history discovers them, for before modern Europe was cradled, Celt and Teuton were at war. If a distinction can be

made, the latter had the yellow and the former the redder tinge.

Only that golden chevelure proclaimed their common Aryan ancestry—the hair which Irish poets sang as "so bright that the new molten gold was not brighter; yellow as the yellow flag-lilies along the verges of the rivers." Cuchulain, the Irish Achilles and sun-god, had hair of three colours—golden and yellow and red. For their red locks were O'Donnell *Roe* and Owen *Roe* O'Neill, so-called in the Irish annals, and Olaf Golden-hair and Harold Fairhair in Scandinavian story. So many were the Roes and Boys (Reds and Yellows) of Irish history that the latter survived in the common phrase, "the boys," applied to Irishmen generally. Red-coloured were the tresses of British Boadicea, which is good Celtic for Victoria, and of the Germanic hero Barbarossa. The aristocratic church of the Middle Ages kept the hair of Christ fair. The Irish legend that Judas had red hair was doubtless sprung by the dark race. Who will sing the epic of red hair?

If its pedigree could be untangled, it might afford some clew to the Aryan—the bright hair which was not given to Semite or to Mongol, and which made the naïve barbarians of north Europe believe they were the children of the gods. Were they the children of the sun-god, or only blond beasts? The present year cannot tell!

The religion of the Aryans sleeps in the folk-lore of Europe. In many ways fossilised or adapted, it has survived to the present. The Aryan myths were drawn from nature—from sun and mist and thunder, from the warfare of the seasons, and from the visible workings of fire and water. Folk-lore and popular Christianity are filled with hints and memories of elder beliefs. Local superstitions, ballad poetry, and fairy-tales often offer a kind of Aryan hieroglyph for those who can read origins. Their common origin makes it almost impossible to sift Celtic from Teutonic myth, especially as the Teutons seem later to have borrowed the fantasy and poetry of the Celts, whom they had persecuted.

The European man is religious. The white man has developed and lost languages. He has crossed seas and continents, and he has crossed bloods, a far more dangerous proceeding. He has changed the forms, and even the objects of his religion, but his religious sentiment he can no more change than the colour of his skin. He is hedged by ancestral fears and hopes upon which he bases his answer to the grim riddle of life. There have been places and periods in his history when scepticism has flourished, as among the exquisite audiences of Euripides, the witty contemporaries of Voltaire, or the materialistic confrères of Haeckel. But religion, whether animistic or philosophic, claims his mind in the end. Religion is the abiding and preservative force in his history. When religion has bred change and revolt, it has invariably been a political movement more or less piously arrayed. Of præ-history, only fetish, totem, and taboo live. The human race remembers with its imagination better than with its reason. With the aid of imagination faiths have en-

dured. When the works of men's hands crumble, they perish. Very little survives which has not come under the bright shadow of the Golden Bough. The whole Jewish episode in history is religious. The annals and legislation of a Jewish remnant in the Babylonian prison camp by divine agency become Holy Scripture. Latin which never deserved to outlive the nobler Greek is still spoken as a sacred tongue. Even street lighting originated in lamps before saints at street corners.

The idea that certain things are holy and others forbidden permeates the human mind. Individuals are affected as much as races. Good and bad luck often influence people more than religious principles. Who has never tried to propitiate the unseen? Even the modern mind is not quite sure of what lies behind the sky. Endless space it cannot comprehend. For divinity it has an instinct. Even the changeling of the Revolution—Napoleon—was abashed by the stars.

The superstitions of to-day go back beyond books. It is taboo, for instance, to

give the name of a dead child to another, or of a sunken ship to its sister, because the name of the dead was supposed to give some cabalistic power to the nether powers. It is taboo, among sailors, to allow a corpse to remain on board, for the dead have their own ferry. Once men worshipped the moon. Highly civilised folk still dislike to view the newborn moon through glass, for the same reason that visitors were not allowed to look with spectacles on the celestially descended rulers of China.

Let the curious dine with some old-fashioned squire in England to-day and note the ancient observances. He will not help salt to a guest, and if it is upset he will shiver. The ill omen of salt is supposed to refer to the Flood, that marine catastrophe of which every nation keeps memory. Salt was also taboo to Western sun-worshippers, who noticed the daily extinction of their deity in the ocean. The Celts had a good word for taboo—geas.

The squire will be scrupulous in passing the wine from right to left, in other words,

sunwise. It is centuries since Athenæus remarked that the Gaulish Celts passed their liquor "from right to left, the way in which they worship the gods." And that taboo can be created in historical times is shown by the refusal of Christian folk to sit thirteen at a table. When Scotch Jacobites are present with Hanoverian royalty it is still necessary to make finger-bowls taboo, lest they should send a health to the long-loved, long-dead Stuarts across the water!

Aryan religion was devoted to nature. Under all European myths lies the daily miracle of sunrise, the nightly tragedy of sunset, and the changing of the seasons in some form or other. The sickening of the summer, the death of winter, and the resurrection of the spring became the sacred epic of an outdoor and wandering people. Thor the Thunderer became the Teuton god, and his hammer still beats at their hearts. Vague are the Celtic deities, but Cuchulain, the hero of Irish saga was, no doubt, an outlet for their sun-worship. In mediæval balladry we may presume William of Cloudes-

lee (heavenly name!) and William Tell had solar origins. Robin Hood was no doubt Odin—the Aryan hero who long had a day in England's calendar beside the saints, and still keeps Wednesday.

The Aryans brought their sacred animals with them. The origin of domestic animals is generally hieratic. The cow gave milk offerings, and the Celts still sprinkle milk for the fairies. The gelded ox learned to labour dragging the shrine or chariot of the gods. The horse was sacred to the Aryan, especially in his white form. Tacitus noted that Germans drew omens from the white horse, which still survives in the arms of Kent and Hanover. Once the white horse of the Saxon banner drove the red dragon of the Celt into Wales.

Would-be conquerors of the Irish Celt have been fain to ride on white horses. The Norman de Courcy entered Ulster and Dutch William crossed the Boyne on white steeds. The Aryan desired to take his horse with him into the next world. By a curious survival the charger still follows the funeral

of a military hero. The northern races of Europe are horse-loving. Witness the instinctive skill of the Irish with horses. The old sentiment lingers in the disgust which English and German feel in the bull-rings of south Europe.

As forest dwellers the Aryans had sacred trees. "Woods and groves are their temples," said Tacitus of the northern barbarians. The hazel in Celtic countries, the mistletoe among Teutons preserve traces of Aryan consecration. The evergreen yew still grows in cemeteries in sign of the immortality of the soul, in which the Celts certainly believed. Whether the "wearing of the green" as an Irish emblem may be traced back to this is uncertain. In historic heraldry the Irish harp, which came to them from the druids, is featured on a blue-green background (St. Patrick's blue), which, however, may be but a reminiscence of the woad-stain used by all colour-loving Celts. It would be interesting if the "*virides Britanni*" of Ovid were the first reference to the Irish national colour—"Green Britons!"

The Aryans brought their sacred but fatal metals with them—iron and gold—whereby their descendants have since ruled and bartered the world. It may be accounted for righteousness unto the Mongol that he has never tried to grab the world's gold. "The Curse of the Hoard" lies on the Aryan—ever plundering and hiding gold, once openly but now by subtler methods learned of Jews. For two thousand years vikings, buccaneers, and prospectors have sailed on the auriferous quest. All the fleets of Europe, wood or iron, have been built to fetch or protect the Golden Fleece. The same legend which covers the Argonauts and the "forty-niners," opened California and populated Australia.

The old Aryan mythology has been scattered between Galway and Galatia, and has filtered into India. In Greece and Rome the sun and nature legends assumed the personal guise of the Olympian deities. In Homer we find the nearest approach to an Aryan Bible, in which the holy warfare betwixt Asia and Europe is described for the first time. Celts and Teutons possessed the

same feeling for nature, but with the difference that Stopford Brooke contrasts in "the Celtic love and the German fear of wild nature." The gods whom the Teutons made over them live in the week-days of Germany and England. But neither Thor nor Odin claim a day in the week of Gaelic Ireland.

Attempts to distinguish personal gods among the Celts are unsatisfactory. Druidism and mysticism they possessed, but no definite deities. Lugh, the so-called Celtic Apollo, Cuchulain, the Irish Achilles, and Manannan, the Celtic Neptune, who gives his name to the Isle of Man, were without organised worship, still less any of the theology surrounding Roman paganism. A vague pantheism satisfied the Celt. For him there was no specific heaven or hell. His eschatology was coterminous with life. The next world lay westward, and was attainable by ship. Hence the beautiful phrase —"going west" for death, which has descended the ages. For him the dead lived on. The Aryan still opens the windows of

the death-chamber, but Christianity has substituted a sky for a sea voyage.

The Aryan mind perpetually harked westward for its heaven, as it still emigrates westward in search of more material fortune to-day. Europe always imagined an earthly paradise in the ocean. For a while the British Isles were the subject of this happy delusion, and they were called the Cassiterides, or lovely islands. The Celtic inhabitants of Britain and Ireland looked further west again, and the "Fortunate Isles" were placed in the mid-Atlantic. These the Mediterranean folk believed were the actual Canaries, but the Celts imagined a wandering island, Hy Brasil the Isle of the Blest, which has found a resting-place in the name of Brazil.

Aryan paganism was too hazy a system for revival in neopagan times. No Celtic enthusiasm has revived Celtic religion in Ireland, and modern pagans of Germany have futilely replanted the groves that St. Boniface hewed down. But the Aryan mysticism still lies at the base of all religious feeling in north Europe.

The religion of historic Europe is not Aryan but Semitic. Since its introduction the Greek has supplied a philosophy to the Judaic husk, and the Roman has given it law. But even this wonderful combination was not worthy to be the religion of Celt and Teuton. Greece and Rome might satisfy mind and reason, but the Aryan of the north was a mystic, whose kingdom was within, and could not be approached by formularies or discerned in philosophies. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," said Shakespeare, putting the whole Aryan creed into one vital sentence. The need of the Aryan mind appeared in the teaching of Christ. From the fringe of Asia, from the dead ground betwixt desert and sea, from among the peculiar people whom neither Egypt nor Babylon could destroy came the Aryan Prophet. The history of the world changed when the chosen rejected the Chosen, and Europe accepted what Asia could not keep. Hence Christendom.

The supreme romance of all religion was when the pale, thorn-crowned Jew went up

to the banquet of the high Aryan gods and poured gall into their cups, and bade the northern warriors drink His Blood and not the blood of their enemies, and left a handful of nails in place of Thor's hammer. Never did so divine a Ghost affright a pagan feast. Even in infinite time and among myriad worlds this could only happen once.

Greek philosophy and culture, Roman law and dominion, and later the mystical enthusiasm of the Celt and the untired strength of the Teuton passed under the yoke of the Galilean. The fresh, barbaric, unpolluted peoples of north Europe by different ways and times entered into their Christian heritage, and recreated the Roman Empire in their stride. In the movements which seethed Europe in the centuries between the fall of the old empire and the millennium both Celt and Teuton played their various parts. Between them they lifted the first fabric of European Christendom at a time when the Greek mind was running to seed, and the Latin lay effeminate and effete.

The Irish legend says that Christ looked northward from the Cross.

Certain it is that the thorn was a sacred bush with the Celts long before it was used to crown the Aryan God. Yet in delicious token of the new faith, the old thorn of Glastonbury began to blossom at Christmas. Likewise the sacred bird of Thor became the robin redbreast of Christian legend. Even to-day the robin is not sacred to the southern Latin, while the children of Celt and Teuton still fear the lightning which is supposed to avenge its death. But it is the lightning of Thor, not of Him, who marks the fall of the sparrow that they fear. The dove would have seemed the most fitting bird for Christianity to canonise, but the Teuton clung to his robin redbreast and left the pigeon to the Slav. Though the Russian church denies the procession of the Holy Ghost in the Latin credo, he protects His divine symbol in bird life.

But in becoming Christian neither Teuton nor Celt would forswear war and the weapons of war. A day came when the

Pope begged Richard of England to release "his dear son," the Bishop of Beauvais, and the King sent back the bishop's armour with the grim words: "See whether this be thy son's coat or no." This was the same bishop who used a wooden club in battle to keep within the canons of the church. Militarism was the price the pacificist church of the primitive Christians had to pay for the conversion of the North.

III

CELT AND TEUTON

It is impossible to make the Celts and Teutons as closely related as H. S. Chamberlain endeavours to suggest in his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*. Hartmann divided the European races into the male, or German, and the female, or Celt and Latin. Compared to the decadence and refinements of the Mediterranean peoples and set in the Asiatic background (against which all European problems must be finally brought), Celt and Teuton had much in common. As barbarians they were kindred. As historical and civilised peoples they have shown a keen difference in character and soul. Mommsen differentiates German from Celt, whom he compares to the modern Irish bitterly: "The same indolent and poetical, irresolute and fervid, inquisitive, credulous, amiable, clever, but thoroughly useless politically, nation."

History opens upon their opposition, unless in the southward raid of Cimbri and Teutons against Rome, in the second century B. C., we have a branch of Celts allied to their northern rivals. The Celt—Gael or Cymry—has always been escaping the Teuton, not out of fear so much as disagreement. The Celt has always been driven, and the Teuton has always been the driver. As a compensation of nature the Celt has been able to absorb others in a way the Teuton cannot. English settlers become Irish in Ireland, just as Prussians become Poles in Poland, and German subjects in Alsace still wish to be French. Though fighting a brave rear-guard action, the Celt has allowed the Teuton to press him toward the ocean. Again and again has a new dividing-line been found in a river—once they disputed the Elbe, and then the Rhine, which has a Celtic name akin to the old Irish word for sea. There is a Rhenas River in Man, and Macaulay records that Sedgemoor ditches in Celtic Somerset were called rhines. Hence the atavistic passion of sentiment attached

to the Rhine, on which Celt as well as Teuton has kept watch. With a touch of second sight Heine wrote: "The Rhine is the Jordan which separates the land of liberty from the country of the Philistines," and bade his body be buried in France. In Great Britain the Celts fought on the banks of the Thames, the Wye, and the Boyne, and later behind the Shannon over which the grimmest of Teuton mystics wished to cast them for ever. "Thrice from the banks of Wye and sandy-bottomed Severn" Owen Glendower beat Henry IV. "Beyond the Barrow" in Ireland was equivalent to being "west of English law."

Chamberlain glosses their hostility by describing the Celt as "the vanguard of the Germanic people," and referring to the German's "elder brother in the west." Under primitive conditions it may have been difficult to distinguish them, but civilised development has revealed a gulf moral and intellectual. They were equally lovers of freedom and of fighting, bright-haired, and of great build, acquainted with music and

mysticism in a primitive degree—makers of myth and saga, not without the spice of romance and adventure which is inherent in the true Aryan. But the modern Irish and Germans are only prehistoric cousins. The English and Germans are cousins historically, and form two branches of the Teutonic family, of which the Scandinavians are a third. A mystery of time lies between the Celtic and the Gothic speech. An even deeper mystery of psychology lies between the Irish and the Saxon. The European ethnology is a question of Teuton, Celt, and Latin, leaving the Slav to make the gradual connection with Asia. The Slavonic day is yet far off. The Celtic has passed, and that of the Teuton, though in full blast, is passing. But to the end Celt and Teuton will be distinguishable. The Mediterranean Latin is non-German, but the northern Celt is præ-German. The Irish have no racial or historic right (whatever the pressure of ephemeral politics) to be pro-Germans. Being præ-Germans conveys as great a difference of proposition as of preposition. The differ-

ence in culture exists, but not as Heinrich Leo wrote: "The Celtic race, as it is found in Ireland and France, has always been moved by an animal instinct, while we Germans only act under the influence of a holy and sacred thought."

To trace back the divergences of Celt and Teuton in Europe would carry us beyond history proper. By a singular good fortune, written estimates by two Latin writers survive to give some idea of Celt and Teuton at the beginning of the Christian era. Tacitus wrote an account of Teuton customs and morals in his *Germania*, at the close of the first century A. D., and Julius Cæsar in the previous century reported his Gallic War in a manner that sheds light on the Celt.

It must be admitted the ancients found drunkenness a common vice between Celt and Teuton, chiefly owing to climate. It was thought no shame, and "to drink beer with the gods" was the idea of a Teuton Valhalla. The Emperor Julian wrote a stanza to Bacchus: "Celts in their poverty

have formed thee of grain. Hence it is meet to call thee Barleycorn, not Bacchus." Whisky, alas, is one of the few Irish words which have slipped into English. It is simply Irish for water. The strong drink is called "water of life" in Irish, whence many a grim jest in the mediæval annals, such as: "Richard MacRannall died after drinking water of life to excess. It was water of death to Richard!" German beer also has a long history. The beer which was once poured to Odin is the chief obstacle to prohibition in the United States.

The Celts had become historical by the fourth century B. C. The word is derived from the "Keltoi," as the Greeks called them. The Celts lay vaguely between Iberians on the west, and Scythians to the east. They laid a foundation of European society between Atlantic and the Danube. Herodotus, the father of history, notes them in Portugal. They imposed their language and civilisation upon patches of the Continent, and beat like a mysterious wave outside the classical demesne. In the third cen-

tury B. C. they sacked Rome and Delphi—the holy places of Greek and Roman, but they never made good their footing. They passed into Asia Minor and founded Galatia, which was still speaking a Celtic tongue when St. Jerome wrote his commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians. The Galatians to whom St. Paul cried: "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" received his famous Declaration of Independence: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free." St. Paul had not misjudged their character, himself a traveller, a mystic, and a man of violent temperament.

Through Spain, northern Italy, and the British Isles ranged the Celts. They mixed blood before they moved on. The Celtiberians were bred in Spain. The German forests absorbed a Celtic remnant. Tacitus says the Aestii on the Baltic still spoke a Celtic tongue. Gaul remained the most Celtic group of tribes on the Continent. There the Celt withstood Teuton and Roman. Harassed by the former, they succumbed

finally to the master-man of antiquity—to Kaiserism in the person of the deified Julius.

In Spain the Celtiberians were broken up by the non-Aryan Carthaginians. The fate of Spain was that of Aryaland, perpetually invaded and racially decomposed by African intruders. Carthaginians entered into the Celtic blood of Spain, as afterward the Moors spoiled the Gothic breed responsible for the Teutonic element in Spain. When Pope Paul IV was angry he called the Spanish "seed of Jews and Moors." The remnant of Celts on the Spanish Douro or Italian Po disappeared before the Romans, but the memory of the Allia defeat remained in Livy's history. It was at the Allia that the Gauls declared that "they carried their right in their swords and all things were the property of the brave." After defeating the Roman army they sacked Rome under the leadership of Brennus.

When Rome was fighting the battle of the Aryan against Afric Carthage, the Celts helped Hannibal and shared in the victories of Trasimene and Cannæ. Already the

Celts seemed fated to enjoy a futile share in all the battles of the world. In the fourth century B. C. the Spartans summoned Celtic mercenaries—the first dim outline of an Irish brigade. We find Celts congratulating Alexander in Babylon after his mighty thrust against the Asiatic menace. Their conversation with the conqueror has been recorded. They informed him that they feared nothing except that the sky might fall upon them! Alexander, between tears that no worlds were left to conquer, dismissed them for braggarts. It is interesting that Alexander's tutor, Aristotle, used the Celts to exemplify courage in excess, when poising his golden mean of qualities. His old pupil may have given him the hint, for Aristotle described the overfearless type as one who "recks not earthquakes or wars, as is related of the Celts."

From classical writers we can glimpse an array of hints as to the race whose history is unrecorded, but whose character descended to the historic Gauls and to the modern Irish. We hear of a mighty race sweeping

fiercely but unarmoured into battle, with harsh music in their horns, and golden torques about their bare necks. A race "impatient of time, despising to know old age," says Silius Italicus. Loved by their own fierce gods, they were doubtless not sorry to die young. Suicide they preferred to slavery. Gauls preferred to die rather than become Roman chattels just as early Germans slew themselves rather than appear in the arena.

The Celts fed their souls on druidism and bardism. Their religion was connected with death. Procopius thought that the west of Britain was inhabited by the souls of the dead. Spanish Celts sang hymns to death, and Valerius Maximus speaks of Celts celebrating births with woe and deaths with joy. It is not difficult to recognise a superstitious but generous folk, who were as free of their gold as of their blood, who expressed themselves dramatically and hyperbolically, who could be always stirred to indignation at any injustice done to a neighbour, far or near. Even in pagan times the Celtic wom-

anhood maintained a chastity that was rare among civilised peoples. It was the same chastity which has since shamed other empires besides the Roman. Plutarch takes an instance from Gaul in his treatise on women's virtue, just as social writers would refer to the Irish serving-girl as a type of purity to-day. Unchastity is common as a tragic theme in Celtic literature, as in *Queen Guinevere.* Dr. Garnett thinks the adulterous strain in modern French fiction is transplanted from the old Celtic horror of the same.

The Celts managed to remain outside the conventions and civilisations of Europe. Wherever Celtic blood survives to-day, it has asserted itself in intractability to the Teuton. Matthew Arnold based the Celt on sentiment, the Teuton on steadiness, with spirituality as the virtue of the former, fidelity to nature of the latter. In the finer sense of the word, the Celts have always remained the true barbarians of Europe. Barbarian has no evil significance when it denotes pristine vigour rather than deca-

dence, religion in contrast to hypocrisy, and the fierce joy of existence that is innocent of the pessimism of culture.

The historical achievement of the Celts was summed up by Poseidonius as follows: "It is they who captured Rome, pillaged the temple of Delphi, rendered a great part of Europe and Asia tributary to them, and settled down in the lands of the conquered people." We know excessively little about so wide-spread and epoch-laying a people, except what may be gathered out of the priceless legacy of Irish literature, and from the stark reports of the great Roman who followed them with pen and sword.

Cæsar's estimate of the Gauls was made with the precise eye of a successful disposer of men. He found them hasty of impulse, quick to give battle, but easily discouraged under defeat, irresolute before calamity, superstitious and under the influence of druids, whose teaching as to the survival of the soul, he considered, tended to valour in battle—a typical war-office view. He noticed that the Gauls claimed a mysterious

descent from the powers of death which led them to reckon time by nights instead of days. The word "fortnight" is perhaps a Celtic survival, like "annuit," which is used for "to-day" in Celtic France. As was natural with a people who attached so much importance to death, their funerals were costly and their wakes remarkable.

The ancients did not, eventually, regard the Celt of Gaul and the Teuton of the Rhine as one by any means. From the third century B. C. the Germans were displacing the Celts, whose society and civilisation, Ireland and a few remote corners excepted, were destroyed by Rome and Germany between them. Cæsar distinguished the Gaul from the German in religion and refinement. He noticed that the Germans put no trust in druids or in unseen gods, but worshipped "those alone whom they see and by whom they are benefited—the sun, fire, and the moon"—a true Teuton touch.

Cæsar conceived the Germans as a wilder and more savage race, who, having once been called in by a Gallic faction, had become

"enamoured of the lands and refinement and abundance of the Gauls." Cæsar did not put the habits of the Germans on a level with those of the Gauls, whom he defended against the German leader Ariovistus, who appears as a burly Teuton, bidding Cæsar go about his business and claiming as a conqueror to do what he liked with the conquered, and incidentally to have led the Germans into Gaul not as an assault on Gaul, but to secure himself!

Tacitus was interested in the Germans as a race whom Rome failed to conquer. The legions of Varus were annihilated in the Teutoburg Forest, and Germanicus was only able to find bones in answer to Augustus's cry: "Varus, give me back my legions." Tacitus described the Germans as an indigenous and unmixed race. He noticed as family characteristics the ruddy hair, blue eyes, and large limbs of a race as yet without Slavic admixture. He commended their chastity and noted their sense of honour in paying gaming debts, even at the price of personal slavery. Chiefly he noticed that

warlike quality which preferred to win by blood rather than by sweat. They had the sense to elect kings for birth, but generals for valour. Their social feeling appeared both in assembly and battle-array. "Their line of battle is disposed in wedges," says Tacitus of their massed battalions. In discussion important matters were referred to the people after being sifted by the leaders —perhaps the germ of Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism.

If Cæsar flung back the Germans, he subdued the Gauls. Celtdom collapsed under the Roman civilisation—"a necessary catastrophe," remarks Mommsen. The Celts of Gaul and Britain were Romanised, provincialised, and made effeminate by degrees, with the result that eventually the Irish could harry the one, and the Germans the other, as soon as the Roman shield was withdrawn. The south British were described as similar to the Gauls, and sent them aid against Cæsar—the first trace of an *entente cordiale* against the first exponent of Kaiserism. Gaul and Britain accepted

the Roman religion. Only Ireland remained isolated.

On the Continent the struggle between Celt and Latin had been one of organisation against disunion. There could be no cohesion against a civilised foe among tribes who set the family above the state, and the clan above the race. Because they have never yet founded (however much they have adorned) states, the Celts seem doomed to wage the wars of others. T. W. Rolleston writes: "He was sensitive, impressionable to the last degree, but did not see things in their larger relations. He had little gift for the establishment of institutions, for the service of principles." They opposed the Roman advance with incredible courage, but fell before discipline. After the last stand of Vercingetorix—who must be remembered in a class with Shane O'Neill of Ulster and Llewelwyn of Wales—Gaul had no choice but to become Latinised. There are two remarkable statues on the Roman Capitol to-day which are the most precious survivals of their kind—the "Dying Gladi-

ator" and the equestrian effigy of Marcus Aurelius. The so-called gladiator, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," was a Celt from Gaul, and round his neck is the twisted torque of a pattern that may be seen in Irish Museums. Marcus Aurelius was the last Roman Emperor to check the Germans before the day of the Teuton. The triumph of Aurelius over the Marcomanni recorded on the Antonine column, was later avenged by their Gothic kindred, and the "Meditations" of the same Emperor, marvellous and beautiful in their stoical holiness, were to be superseded in the world by the only perfect religious commentary, the *Imitation of Christ*, by a northern monk of Teuton stock.

When the time came for the Teuton to sweep clean the Roman Empire—certainly the most "heroic remedy" ever dispensed by Providence, the Celt stood aloof. The Celts had become isolated or drawn into Roman legions. Though their destiny was to be antagonistic, it need not be denied that there was a Celtic lees in Germany, how much it is impossible to say. De Jubainville says

Hanover was formerly a Celtic land. The Belgians, rated by Cæsar the bravest people of antiquity, seem to have been Cymry with German admixture, as their modern namesakes mingle the Flemish and Walloon. It is probable the German "Reich" is akin to the Irish for kingdom, "rige," and that the Teutonic word, "Beute," or booty, is derived from the Irish word for victory, "buad." The Teuton shared the words of war with the Celt. Beute, which keeps its poetic meaning in Irish, is purely material in Teutonic speech. On the whole, the Teutons were borrowers rather than brothers of the Celt. They took over the Celtic culture, especially their artistry in metals, which had reached its height under the La Tène civilisation, and has left its choicest product buried in Irish bogs. The use of weapons they probably borrowed. "By the invention of iron weapons the Celts became irresistible," says Professor Ridgeway. Likewise they took over from the Celt themes of song and saga. Out of a Celtic womb came Tristan and Isolde, Arthur and Parsival.

But historically and geographically the Celt and the Teuton were apart—Tacitus adds linguistically also. Against the background of Rome we discern the two races deploying in their variety. It was typical of Rome that she used Teutons to garrison Celtic Britain, just as the British Empire afterward used Germans to subdue Celtic Ireland.

During Cæsar's time the Teuton peril was one which was always threatening Gaul. It eventually broke on the whole empire. The mighty hordes—Franks, Goths, Lombards, Vandals, and Ostrogoths—flung themselves against the civilisation whose heirs they were. They entered into the heritage of the Cæsars and the Apostles. The descent of the barbarians from the north was not without compensations. It is a great mistake to confuse the old Goths or the modern Germans with Huns. The Huns were Mongols, wholly prædatory and incapable of erecting states, far less of replenishing the church and the empire. The Huns had previously set the Goths moving against the Roman frontiers.

The Goths soon came under the Roman spell. They had seen in the Emperor "a God upon earth," and gave the flower of their youth to the imperial legions. These were barbarians who were ready to enter into antiquity, and not to obliterate it, like the Mohammedans. The Goths proved chaste and tolerant as Christians. They had combined with the Roman state against the Hun, as later the Frank and the Roman church united to arrest the Saracen, who had pierced the Aryan lines through Spain. Theodoric the Goth, though he imprisoned the Pope, respected Rome. Totila the Goth thanked St. Peter for his capture of Rome.

No doubt the Vandals often lived up to their name, and works of art and beauty were destroyed by the Goths, but there is no soldering of peoples and epochs without fire. But August 24, 410, was not a disastrous day for Europe or for Christianity, when, as Gibbon tells: "At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." Out-

side Rome the northern trumpet was more significant than the peals of the Semite outside the walls of Jericho. All roads were to lead yet to Rome. None seriously "go to Jericho."

The Goths were a blessing in disguise, not only to state but to church. Alaric actually brought Roman Christianity out into the open. It had been hard put to recover from the apostasy of Julian, but the barbarian migrations which followed on the restoration of paganism were eventually the means of re-establishing the church. The new Germanic blood enabled Rome to come forward a second time as the mistress of Aryan men. The Teuton disinfected the rottenness and decay in the empire. Provincials and mongrels, Orientals and Africans sank before him. He was in good fettle and generous humour to break up the old world, of whose religion he rapidly fell into greater awe than of its original defenders. The Celt stayed aside, a shadow of his former self. In Ireland, beyond the strife and confusion, which bred the modern nations, he bided his time. But

there was no doubt the blonds of the Baltic had done their work. Goth, Vandal, and Ostrogoth ploughed the Roman Empire afresh as the Roman had once driven the harrow through the Celtic demesne.

In Spain we find the Andalusia of the Vandals and a Gothic kingdom beside. In Italy the Longbeards made Lombardy. In Gaul the Franks and the Allemanni made themselves felt. The former supplied the modern name of Gaul, and the latter the French name for modern Germany. On a fundamentally Celtic base the Franks joined with Latins to produce a strain which has proven its worth and nobility during a thousand years of history. The Franks came over the Rhine. "They deserved, they assumed, they maintained the honourable epithet of Franks or freemen," said Gibbon. They became Celticised. The French race is often carelessly summed as Latin, whereas the Mediterranean motley chiefly influenced the south. The true Celtic character persisted elsewhere, bequeathing to individual Frenchmen their spirit of romance, and to

the whole nation that fierce yet feminine character which made Michelet cry: "La France est une personne," and the unmovable Lecky admit that "much will be forgiven her because she loved much." De Tocqueville summed up the Celticism of the French, whom he described as "more capable of heroism than virtue, of genius than common sense, abler to conceive huge designs than to achieve great enterprises." Of all modern states France has the most intense character, France "whose blood must be mainly Celtic, whose speech is Roman, whose political history is Teutonic," says Freeman. France alone could be called "eldest daughter of the church," and "to war against France is to war against God," cried Joan of Arc, like a Celtic prophetess inspired. When the Virgin makes her modern appearances in France the world is respectful, whereas if she appeared in Prussia even the devout would laugh. All that was Celtic in France became personified in Joan of Arc during her mediæval death-struggle with Teutonic forces. Of that wonderful

flower, which neither Germania nor Anglia could have bred, it is interesting to record two Celtic touches. At her trial she was accused of having hung chaplets on the old fairy-haunted tree at Domremy, and before her campaign she miraculously discovered a buried sword. Surely it was of kindred forging with the sword Excalibur that Arthur received from the Lady of the Lake. The episode of Joan of Arc is part of the epic strife between Celt and Saxon.

The only part of France which still speaks Celtic is Brittany, which derives its name and blood from Britain. The Celtic of Gaul had slowly died under Rome. As late as the second century the Bishop of Lyons had to study Celtic to preach. The Bretons were kindred of the Welsh, and fled from Britain before the Saxons. The Celtic song of hate reappears in the chant of the Bretons—their bitter war-cry of a thousand years:

> "I give my heart to the Blessed Virgin
> And my curse to the Saxon."

Isolated by language from the rest of France, they have remained a remnant unto

themselves. Among them flourished the Celtic legends of death, of submerged cities, and of Merlin and Arthur. St. Michael's mount passed from the druids to the saints. St. Ives, the patron of Brittany, is represented between a poor man and the rich man, whom he sends empty away. None of the faithful doubt that the former is the Celt and the latter the Teuton. Speaking of national theology, William James says the Latins think of sins, the Germans of Sin—the former removable but the latter ineradicable. The Celtic view of the unforgivable sin is connected with national apostasy. As Anatole le Braz writes of the Breton: "In spite of the cruel teaching of the past, he has given up none of his old dreams, has renounced none of his old ideals. Starved of justice, he has remained faithful to the religion of righteousness. Like all races that have suffered, he comforts himself with a great Messianic hope." The Messianic nations hope against hope. The children of this world have no time to hope. They acquire. Norman sternness

made the Bretons look on France as a different nation, and when Republicans thrust down King and altar, true Celts were found to go out from Brittany to fall in the most tragic and hopeless of wars, the Vendée.

Victor Hugo has said the last word about the Breton in his *Ninety-Three*, which was to him what *Ninety-Eight* is to the Irish. "Brittany is an old rebel. In all her revolts in the past two thousand years she has had the right on her side until now. In her last rebellion she was wrong. Whether they were fighting against the King or for the King it was the same war, that of local against central government."

Vivid too is his sketch of the Breton Celt: "This serious and peculiar savage, who tattoos his clothes as his Celtic ancestors tattooed their faces, who speaks a dead tongue, reverencing first his plough and secondly his grandmother, believing in the Blessed Virgin and in the White Lady no less, worshipping before the altar, and also before the tall, mysterious stone set up in the midst of the moor, a man of pensive mood, often standing

motionless for hours on the deserted shore listening gloomily to the sounding sea. Is it then strange that this blind man failed to appreciate the light?" Not so strange if the light of the Revolution was the upburst of the Teutonic in France. Renan enjoyed calling the Revolution a failure.

Unsuccessful rebellions for their Kings and Gods are fated for the Celt from Quiberon to Culloden. Cornwall was royalist in the Civil War, just as the Celts of Scotland and Ireland sacrificed themselves for the House of Stuart. The last outbreak of Cornish patriotism occurred when King James imprisoned Bishop Trelawney in the Tower, and the refrain began:

> "And shall Trelawney die?
> Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
> Will know the reason why."

The history of all Celtic countries has but one theme—the encroachment of the Teuton. We find Normans smiting the Breton, and Athelstan's Saxons driving the Britons into Cornwall and fixing the Tamar as their

bound (the Cornish proverb, however, says English lords do not live long beyond Tamar). Plantagenets harried Llewelwyn of Wales, executing Wallace of Scotland, and carrying away the Celtic Stone of Destiny out of Scotland, to be the coronation stool of England's Teutonic sovereigns to come. Welshman, still used opprobriously in England, is the Teuton word applied to Celts over the boundary. To German and to Saxon "welsh" means foreigner, not without a suspicion of thief, which is the only defence of a people who have robbed another. The English are wont to sing: "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief." The Saxon chroniclers called Wallace a robber (*latro*); Niebuhr wished the Germans to take "the German and Burgundian territories which the Welsh (Celts) still held." Treitschke called Lorrainers Welsh.

The Welsh were constantly hoping with their bard Taliesin that "a rumour shall arise that the Germans are moving out of Britain again to their fatherland," and though he foretold the triumph of the Saxon,

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who "from Germany coming shall subdue Britain from Sea to Severn," he prophesied that the Welsh "their God shall praise, their tongue shall keep, and lose their land save wild Wales."

The tragedy of Celt and Saxon has never found supreme utterance in English literature. But Landor has a notable passage in his *Imaginary Conversations*, in which he exactly contrasts the Saxon power and the Celtic spirit:

Edward. Never heard of the foolish David, brother of Llewelyn the Welshman?

Wallace. You said in your kingdom, sir.

Edward. I did: I made it mine by the help of God. The madman was torn asunder by horses.

Wallace. Was this also by the help of God?

Edward. His bowels and heart were burnt before his face; he was then beheaded and quartered. Now dost thou remember?

Wallace. O king! a voice more terrible than mine will ask that question of thee.

Edward. Thou shalt follow him first, limb by limb, piece by piece, drop by drop. Righteous vengeance hath overtaken thee, audacious rebel! I now have my own, and all my own.

Wallace. Not yet, O Edward! a part lies beyond the grave.

Shakespeare in *Henry IV* vividly contrasts the Welsh hero with the practical Hotspur, who interrupts the raving mysticism of the Celt with—"I'll to dinner."

The history of England dates from the entry of the Teuton adventurers. The Anglo-Saxons came out of Sleswick and Frisia, and Virchow says the Frisians were probably the truest Teutonic type. Gibbon, the only supreme historian of English race, saw in the Saxon name "a dear and domestic interest," a name he thought given by the British Celts to seacoast Germans just as the mildest commercial bagman from Manchester is called "Sassenach" by Irish peasants to-day. They were the race whom Lecky, subtlest of Anglo-Irish historians, discerned as "often narrow, unappreciative, and unsympathetic." They were the Low German race who early found that their future was on the water—"sea-wolves that live on the pillage of the world," it was said. They descended upon Britain, whose Celtic inhabitants described them much as Englishmen now describe Germans, as "whelps

from the kennel of barbarism." Taine thus describes the Saxon before he mixed with the British Celts or was schooled by the Normans: "His great phlegmatic body continues fierce and coarse, greedy and brutal; his rude and unpliable mind is still inclined to savagery, and restive under culture. But this spirit, void of the sentiment of the beautiful, is all the more apt for the sentiment of the true." The Saxon lived for energy, not for pleasure. Like all Germans, they respected woman, but they created the Frau type, not the Latin mistress or the Celtic prophetess.

It is perfectly scientific to include Englishmen under the wide term Teutonic, though efforts have been made recently to show that English blood is more Celtic than German. No doubt the Saxons violated British women, whose hearths they borrowed as well as Arthur, who was the first of a long line of Celtic heroes to fight the Teuton in the British Isles.

By the end of the fifth century the Saxons had taken Wessex, but Arthur kept them out

of Somerset. Arthur was hard wounded, and died at Glastonbury, where he was secretly buried, but the British Celts never ceased to look for his second coming. The Danish and Norman intrusions only brought a reflux of Teuton blood.

William the Conqueror and his henchmen were of the Northmen breed—for the Celt never conquers—and if he brought Romance words with him, he kept Teuton ways and means. Witness William's making of the New Forest, and his reply to the French King's suggestion that he was being confined —that he would burn French towns for his churching candles! Nevertheless it is insisted that the English were de-Teutonised by their British wives, and Huxley laid down that they were "vastly less Teutonic than their language." Green and Freeman prefer to think that the Saxon purge was very thorough. Certain it is, the Saxons' tongue prevailed against Celtic or Latin, as Taine thinks, "by the simple weight of their dulness."

It seems simplest to admit radical differ-

ence in character between England and countries like Ireland and Wales, and yet to account for the pleasant difference between modern Germans and modern English by the Celtic leaven absorbed by the latter. There would be found as fascinating and difficult a task in tracing the two bloods as in sorting the Celtic element in English literature.

It began with Geoffrey of Monmouth and Gerald Cambrensis, both wild Welshmen in Catholic orders, but deeply under the influence of the wizard Merlin. "Then was that saying of Merlin fulfilled"—the mediævals used to say. Geoffrey professed Celtic originals. They laid the foundations of the romance which Mallory, Spenser, and Tennyson threw into English form. Parsival and Arthur were Celts and Teuton-haters. Irish romance passed from Wales to the Normans and thence into European chivalry.

Tennyson's *Idylls* and Wagner's *Parsival* are sublime instances of Teutonic ability to use Celtic material. To Wagner's *Parsival* Celt and Teuton must bow. It is the su-

preme idealisation of the Legend of the Grail. Celt and Teuton alike cherish tales of "the Holy Cup that Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury." All mediæval knighthood harked back to that Holy Thing. It was the legendary quest, which prepared men's hearts in historic time to go to war for the Burial Stone of God. The Legend of the Grail was the acceptance of the Christian mysteries by all that was pure and strong in the north. Wagner let the old Celtic and Catholic legend flower in the melody of his soul. No wonder that Nietzsche, the singer of the monstrous superman, cursed him from his sick-bed, but the holy music of Wagner will outlive the Caliphate of Krupp.

> "Surely he had thought
> That now the Holy Grail would come again;
> But sin broke out."

Matthew Arnold wished to attribute all that was magical or melancholy in English writing to a Celtic source. The ballad grew up on the Celtic borders. The Celtic touch has crept into Shakespeare. *Macbeth* has all

the elements of Gaelic tragedy—witches with "pricking thumbs," storms and apparitions, a Queen-villain, Celt killing Celt; but Shakespeare adds the contrast of a sainted Saxon King, in Edward, who cures diseases with his touch. That the King could cure the king's evil was a lingering Celtic belief which only died with Queen Anne, at whose grandfather's coronation in Scotland Celtic was used for the last time. Two ages and two races met when the youthful Dr. Johnson was brought to Anne Stuart to be touched! *Cymbeline* is a memory of the resistance of the ancient Cymry to Rome. The Britons protest somewhat as the Celts addressed Alexander: "If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light." A very Celtic utterance. In *Henry V* we have crude Celtic types as the English have always preferred to draw them in the Welsh Fluellen (a parody on Llewelwyn), Scotch Captain Jamie and the Irish Macmorris. The tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was that of a Teuton cursed with

a Celtic disposition. Hamlet's oath was by St. Patrick! The enchanted island in *The Tempest*, the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are all Celtic. Oberon is the German elf Alberich, but Puck is the Irish Pooka. It was this note which made Voltaire think Shakespeare a drunken barbarian. Historically Shakespeare disliked the "weasel Scot," who sucked the "eagle England's" eggs, almost as much as Dr. Johnson. The Johnsonian age had little use for Celtic literature, though the doctor himself drove to the Hebrides, bag and Boswell, in order to investigate the sources of Macpherson's *Ossian*. All Celtic revivals, sham or genuine, date from Macpherson's famous forgery. Out of his knowledge of Gaelic stories he built up a sad and wistful epic, which was ardently read by Napoleon, and displaced Homer from the heart of Goethe. *Ossian* had the vogue which Omar afterward enjoyed in literary coteries. English taste soon left it for the stronger meats of Browning and Carlyle—the latter a master Teuton and deifier of Frederick the Great.

Nevertheless the romantic revival, over which Walter Scott spread the gonfalon of the Celtic north, opened the way for that brooding on the past and sorrow of the age which culminated in the Celtic literary movement.

The Waverley novels contain a Bible of the Scotch Celt, his Psalm, Chronicle, and Revelation. During the Victorian era a Celtic touch was added by the Brontë sisters, who were of the Irish stock of O'Prunty. It is interesting also to think of Macaulay exercising the imaginative gifts of his Celtic ancestors in his *History of England.* Taine saw that Macaulay, like Burke, was a "strange graft transformed by the national stock." Arnold saw the Titanic passion of the Celt in Byron's self-destructive heroes and in Milton's Satan. Irishmen like Burke and Goldsmith always used un-Irish forms.

The Gothic cathedral is the measure of all spacious English literature. The huge vaults and unclassical riot of Shakespeare is Gothic. Carlyle's *French Revolution* may be compared to Notre Dame Cathedral with its demons

and flaming windows. The gargoyle, too, appears in Dickens. Shakespeare could not describe a real Irishman, and Dickens can draw madmen but not Celts. The modern Celtic renaissance was a reaction from Victorians, who were as Teutonic as Titanic. Of that movement in Ireland there is no need to speak. It has caused Englishmen to shed tears, and Irishmen to shed blood. The main current and glory of English literature is Anglo-Saxon, with additament and homage from Norman and Gael.

In literature as in empire, in invention as in domination, the Teuton has overwhelmed the Celt. The latter sacrificed the one to the many, as he lost his nationhood to the clans. The old Irish left no finished epic, but a thousand and one tales, no Celtic Odyssey, but numerous "navigations" of saints and heroes into the Atlantic. Their music broke into a myriad exquisite airs, but failed to attain the height of a single great composition. Theirs was the doom of brilliant imperfection. Depths they touched but not heights. De Jubainville says: "Irish epic, though

barbarous like Irish law, is the monument of a civilisation far superior to that of the most ancient Germans."

The historic gulf between Celt and Teuton lay in religious feeling. The Teuton cherished religion as a civic virtue and a pleasant foil to his material life. The supra-spiritual Celt discerned so keenly between the supernatural and the material that he was always prepared to sacrifice prosperity of goods and government to religion. As the Welsh shepherd told Borrow: "The cleverest people in Llangollen are Saxons, that is, at carnal things, for at spiritual things I do not think them at all clever."

So the kingdom of this world was given to the Teuton, and he has made the Aryan race to be possessed of the west, and to be feared in the east. He has continued from continent to continent, and from science to science. The Teuton discovered Australia and colonised North America. The Teuton discovered the law of gravity, the circulation of the blood, and Halley's comet. Kant foretold and Herschel discovered Uranus.

The Teuton drew chemistry out of alchemy, and astronomy out of astrology. Watt, who discovered the astounding simplicity that air was a modification of water, was a Scotchman, but not more Celtic than Sir William Hamilton, who hit upon quaternions in Dublin. Great is the Teuton indeed. Luther in religion, Bessemer in steel, Nietzsche in philosophy, Rockefeller in oil—Cromwell and Bismarck in war. They all proclaim that there is no absolute morality or law except what the Teuton imposes on the world by virtue, or by evolution of his own will. As the Teuton looks back on his achievement in science and industry, he is inclined to believe more and more, if he believes in anything, in the "*Deus ex machina*," with which, indeed, he has saddled the modern world.

But great as the Teuton may be, greater must be the God who made him, but the Teuton has never quite forgiven the Celt for thinking so.

IV

THE CONVERSION OF THE CELT

The Celt has a special spiritual sense derived directly from his mystic Aryan ancestors. The Celt cannot live without an intense religion. The Teuton uses a civic form of religion. The Celtic soul lies awake for the Spirit that bloweth where he listeth. The Celts struck the ancients as the only folk who would lend money on a note due in the next world. Like their descendants they banked in heaven. The classic instance of the surrender of earthly profit for the spiritual is Catholic Ireland. But the Cornish Methodist, the Welsh Calvinist, and the Scotch Covenanter have all shown the same note under persuasion, and even persecution from Angle and Anglican. In the Celtic peoples is kept alive that instant vision of God without which the Teutonic world would die to the next.

It is curious how sombre imagination and lively humour alternate in the Celtic mood. Intensity of devotion coupled with bursts of surprising originality mark the Celtic note in Christianity. The Irish who have a double dose of the religious instinct are noted for reckless humour. It is their faculty of seeing into another world which enables them to see two sides to a terrestrial happening. After all, the spiritual is the *double entendre* of the earthly. Humour, second sight, faith are facets of the same crystal. Celts were liable to overstep the orthodox mark. Speculators like Eriugena and Duns Scotus came probably from Ireland. Abelard, Lammenais, and Renan were Bretons.

Christianity reached the Celt before the Teuton, which accounts for the curious fact that in the seventh and eighth centuries A. D. the missionary tide was moving from west to east. The Irish were mentally ready for the faith which caused a spontaneous ignition in their island. The Saxon often needed to be converted with the sword, which Charlemagne applied very liberally.

In Ireland martyrs were few and far between until, as a native bishop remarked, the coming of the Normans.

To the world-weary Celt the new faith came as a boon and a consolation. The subtle appeal of gentleness seized the humour of their imagination in an age of strife and bloodshed. They adopted it with childish fervour. In their fierce asceticism and passionate charity they out-evangeled the Evangel. Nevertheless, their emotions never permitted them to persecute others. They did not conceive of hell in the Semite guise. Fire was only known to the ancient Irish for purposes of hospitality, not for retribution. Their first idea of hell was of a cold, wintry place. Later the comfortable doctrine of purgatory, while inherent in the Church, was especially developed by the Celts, to whom pity and forgiveness were a second nature. During the Middle Ages the nearest access to purgatory was actually believed to be in Ireland, and the legends which spread from St. Patrick's purgatory in Donegal undoubtedly coloured Dante's

conception of Purgatorio. By that time the Celts had accepted the more orthodox flames, but it was typical for St. Brendan to discover Judas taking an annual outing on an iceberg—just as Burns hoped that Satan might be saved.

The Celt seemed careless of his success and survival in this world, so strong and unrelenting was his endeavour to project himself into the next. As Renan wrote of his unending quest: "It was of this that St. Brendan dreamed, that Peredur sought with his mystic chivalry, that Knight Owen asked of his subterranean journeyings. This race desires the infinite, it thirsts for it, and pursues it at all costs, beyond the tomb—beyond hell itself."

This straining desire is perhaps covered by the current saying that the modern Irishman does not know what he wants, and will not be happy till he gets it. He remains thoroughly dissatisfied with the material world.

Christianity reached the imaginative Irish in the fifth century. It was not the only

tide bursting in Europe. The Teuton sea was breaking into the Roman Empire. Irish freebooters harried the coasts of Britain and Gaul. By a stroke of poetic justice they brought back with them a slave, who was to prove in time the only successful invader of Ireland—Patrick. By the time the Teutonic flood had subsided, Ireland was again as remote from Christendom as she had been from the pale of the Cæsars.

Meantime the Christianisation of Ireland has taken place, an event not less far-reaching than the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain. There was a dramatic irony in the way the unarmed messenger of Rome swept over the one country of which her secular legions had always fallen short. Anatole le Braz shows how that process is still going on in modern Celtdom: "In fact that task of Romanising Brittany which maddened the Emperors' legions is being slowly brought about by the very Breton priests themselves." The transition from paganism in Ireland was swift, for the Irish Celt was the ready catechumen of the unseen. Old beliefs were transfigured

in the new light. – Patrick and his order came to fulfil rather than destroy what lay behind the Celtic mind. As typical of many, Bran's voyage into fairy-land reappeared as St. Brendan's search for the heavenly island in the Atlantic. The native literature and law were revised by the monks. In spite of a thin Christian varnish they afford an insight into the old European life lost elsewhere. If the Celt surrendered to the gospel, the ecclesiasts succumbed to the delight of the old Celtic tales. It has been thought that the pagan dialogues attributed to St. Patrick and Ossian, the Fenian poet, last of his gigantic race, show a trace of native resistance unchronicled by the Church. The contrast between Patrick's company of ascetics and the Fenian heroes is striking enough, but the poems date less probably from the age of the conversion than from the period when Irish monks were struggling to convert the Continent. Irish missionaries penetrated not only into the rest of Celtdom, but into the lands of Frank and German. German paganism outlived the

Celtic. We find Gall and Columban breaking up Teutonic idols, and a Frankish chief asking Killian if his God was better than Diana. Ossian's speech often smacks of the votaries of Thor and Odin, with whom the Irish were then in spiritual conflict. For example, Ossian caps Patrick's story of the Garden of Eden with "Had the Fenians known God was in need of apples, they would have sent Him seven horses laden with them," which sounds like the remark of some early Teuton materialist. The Celt had long been dreaming of fairy fruit and of enchanted trees, and the hazel was his Tree of Knowledge.

The conversion of Ireland resembled a feat of delicate grafting. Catholicism blossomed on the wild native stock. The landscape of the Celtic land of youth became the background of the Christian paradise. The birds of faery flew down into the garden of the soul. They even became orthodox enough to sing the canonical hours. The old pagan bonfires burned the brighter on St. John's Eve. The druid yews clung to consecrated

tilth. The priests took the place of bard and druid, and Christian exorcism was found to be a pleasant substitute for magic.

The Celtic church was organised on the basis of the clan. The Irish dioceses were Clan-a-Gael, and felt and acted accordingly. Abbacies were tribal. The limits of modern bishoprics of Ireland correspond closely to the many kingdoms into which it was divided. Ireland was disunited by her constitution as a Celtic entity. The tie of blood was as strong in the church as in the clan (there was no state). Each province and clan was provided with rival saints. St. Columcille protected Ulster, as St. Brigid was expected to pray for the success of Leinster. Strange was the Celtic hagiology. A grim asceticism and whole-souled devotion, not without clan feuds and some cursing, pervade the lives of the Irish saints. The remnant of præ-historic Ulstermen quarrelled with the Gaelic O'Neills for the body and patronage of St. Patrick. Ulster's racial troubles began early—actually at Patrick's funeral! Baptism sanctified without changing that fervid

character, which was to become the strength and the weakness of the Celtic church.

Irish Christianity rose to an extreme height and overflowed. Saints and missioners entered kindred Celtdom, converting the Picts, establishing Iona, supplying saints for Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. The vigour of the Irish fast was a defiance of materialism. The Irish monks fasted the whole year as the German Ratramnus told his surprised compatriots. No beer was allowed in the Celtic monastery of Lindisfarne, until a Saxon King entered it. Enclosed in voluntary prisons or immersed in icy streams, the saints of the Gael sang and prayed away what life remained in their corpses. In their estimation the unfortunate flesh had no rights. It is not too much to say they treated their bodies with the pitiless rancour of a domestic feud. Were they not clansmen of Christ and avengers of the spiritual on the corporeal? With tempestuous energy they took up the cause of heaven and adopted the Christian legend as their own. They leaped off the ecstatic steep into the seas of their

own imagination. They canonised their own saints by fifties and by hundreds. The Isle of Saints was made identical with the Holy Land. Christ, it was told, was born in the Aran Islands, and Brigid was his foster-mother! This must lie at the root of the mistake a German writer made in the thirteenth century, who satirised the Irish monks at Erfurt for boasting that Brendan was Christ's brother and Brigid his mother! What was due to Celtic imagination the Teuton attributed to liquor. And the weird embroidery was continued like Celtic illumination interwoven with the Gospel pages. Brigid was declared to be "the Virgin Mary of the Gael," and Patrick, not to be outdone by his own convert, became a thirteenth apostle, with special privilege to judge that people on the Day of Judgment, whose temperament he was best fit, of all foreigners who ever came to Ireland, to discern and appreciate.

Celtic theology was more mystical than dogmatic. The writings of the monks were more occupied with sacred numbers and

weird details than with formal reasoning. The Celt had more curiosity than doubt to satisfy. His was the kindergarten of that scholasticism which occupied the mind of mediæval Europe. Of philosophy the Celt had none, though Ireland gave Europe the two greatest speculative philosophers of their time—Eriugena and Duns Scotus. Of the fantasy of Celtic belief there can be no doubt. The idea of enchantment never left his mind, and only faith has lighted the Irish through the woods of superstition.

Besides magic the Celtic mind was impregnated with nature. Irish monks brought that love of animals into the Church which was afterward revived by St. Francis—the most Irish of the Latins. The saints of forest and mountain adopted animals freely as companions and disciples. Wolves and badgers, wrens and fowls became familiar friends to the hermits. Even the company of insects was appreciated. It was typical that St. Colman MacDuagh taught a fly to mark the place in his Psalter! In the multiplication of nature the Celt found the unity

of God. Birds and billows seemed to be the straying thoughts of the same Deity whose eternal calm was shown forth in the mountains and fair hills of Ireland. The Irish princesses asked Patrick whether his God was in the sea or in the rivers, or in the hills or in the valleys. Centuries later Eriugena (Irish-born) answered them: "He is Himself the whole and the part of creation. In Him essentially are all things."

It was curious that one spark from the Christian torch, which had dimly illumined the Roman Empire from within should have produced such instant and incandescent result in Ireland. During the seventh and eighth centuries an Irish crusade was directed to the Continent. The culture of Europe, entirely disorganised by the movements of nations, was left to the wandering Celts. With all the vigour of the unprovincialised the Irish flung themselves into Scotland, Northumbria, Gaul, Switzerland, and even Italy, with a host of philosophers and poets to expound and practise the new creed. Apparently the missionary spirit was

Gaelic, not Cymric, for of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon it was said: "The Roman planted, the Scot watered, the Briton did nothing." By Briton we mean the British Celt not the German invader. The persecuted Cymry had no wish to give their heathen despoilers their faith as well as their lands. They even complained that the Romans who converted the Saxons did not reprimand their violence to the Cymry. They fell back, carrying their dead saints with them to Glastonbury. Later under the influence of the monks relations began, as Montalembert says, "between the two races, Saxon and Celtic, who were destined by an unhappy mystery to tear one another in pieces even before religion divided them." Columcille converted Pictland and Aidan, Northumbria, while the Welsh remained bitterly aloof. Though the time has passed since Welsh bards sang of the Lord of Snowdon's sword red with Saxon blood, England's religious relations to-day are more sorely estranged with the Welsh than with the Irish. Rhys incidentally points out that the

Salvation Army failed in Wales owing to "Saxon methods."

For an effort so spontaneous and unorganised the Irish achievement was incredible. They laid the rubble and basement of mediæval Christianity. From Patricksford in Iceland, where Norwegians afterward found their bells, to the plains of Lombardy, where the body of Columbanus still lies enshrined in the church he founded, the Irish upheld Christianity over the changing scene. Roving bishops and unanchored anchorites appeared in every direction, whether the Holy See invited them or not. The "pale-faced clerics of the Gael" withstood the barbarians better than any Roman legionaries. They cleared private oases in the general confusion. The full history of their achievement has been lost, but every detail and scrap of information from those days point to their unrecorded service. The ecclesiastical system of Rome was paralysed and hindered by the breakdown of the empire. The Irish performed the work of which none other at the time were capable. As Green says,

"For a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed, as if that older Celtic race which the Roman and the German had swept before them had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors."

Clovis the Frank was baptised soon after Patrick died, but Merovingian France was not sweet in the sight of Heaven. Columbanus, in some ways the most vivid of Irish saints, became the apostle of Burgundy and Switzerland. He defied the Frankish court, and tried to convert the Allemanni—who were then beer-pouring votaries of Odin. Leaving St. Gall to evangelise Switzerland, he passed into Lombardy to die. As Reeves points out, "The names of St. Gall, St. Columban, and St. Cataldus are engraved on the map of continental Europe; St. Fiacre is stereotyped in the language of France; St. Fridolin is blazoned on the banners and arms of Galrus." As late as the nineteenth century Norwegians made promises to St. Sumnina from Ireland.

St. Gall was the first Celt to acquire a Teutonic tongue for missionary purposes.

From St. Gall and Bobbio spread the stream which evangelised Bavaria. Here, there, and everywhere, Irish pioneers in Europe appear and disappear. The memory of their foundations in Austria, Germany, and England shows the debt owed to them by Teutonic Christianity. As long as Ireland could supply reinforcements they remained settled influences. "What part of Italy does not hold the possessions of the Blessed Columbanus?" asked Gerbert the Pope. But few Irish houses lasted through the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, the mediæval hospice was entirely due to their example. The germ of the modern hotel and hospital probably lies in their "*Hospitalia Scotorum.*" For five hundred years Scotus meant Irishman.

Though the standard of learning was low between the sixth and ninth centuries, the Irish were the only schoolmasters available. The teachers of Britain and Gaul were trained in Bangor and Clonmacnoise. They taught what was to be known at the time—Greek, astronomy, calligraphy, and grammar. An Irish tutor was as indispensable in the

ninth century as the German professor in the nineteenth. They were mystical expounders of Scripture and gazers at stars. Dungal explained solar eclipses to Charlemagne, and Fergal, an Irish abbot and German bishop, taught the sphericity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. The Teuton Boniface and the Celtic Fergal quarrelled on this point. The Celt guessed there were antipodes before the Teuton discovered them. Dicuil, thanks to his travelling countrymen, was able to add Iceland to the written map.

Celtic speculation showed itself in theology as well as the sciences. The subject of prædestination and original sin fascinated the minds of Pelagius and Eriugena into unorthodoxy. They both seem Irishmen, for curiously enough the doctrine of the former was summed up by Jerome, and that of the latter by the Council of Valence as "Irish porridge" (*pultes Scotorum*), which must have been a continental expression for Irish rhetoric a thousand years ago. Pelagius (sea-born) had some such Celtic name as Morgan or McConmara. His doctrines cap-

tivated Britain. Eriugena was an astounding thinker for his day. He set philosophy apart from theology. He believed evil was non-existent, and that God was incomprehensible to Himself. He was the earliest thinker to stir ideas in Paris—the future laboratory of the white mind.

But the two most remarkable Celts to affect European thought were yet to come. In the eleventh century came Abelard from Brittany, which he described then as "almost cut off from France." Vivacious, brilliant, and unstable, he indulged not only in transcendent philosophy, but in a love romance with Eloise which gave the world an ecclesiastical *Tristan and Iseult.* He taught that the intention and not the act was the sin, a brilliant leap in advance of his time. "Through doubt we come to investigation, and through investigation to the truth," was his prelude to all modern thought. But greater was yet to come in the fourteenth century with Duns Scotus (probably an Irishman, and certainly a Celt), called the "Subtle Doctor" by his followers, and

christened the original "Dunce" by his Teuton opponents. He was striking enough to leave a school of thought behind him. Endued with the Celtic reverence of mystery and womankind, he worked out the immaculate conception of the Virgin five hundred years before it was dogmatised. He taught that the devil had potential power to love God, and like all Celtic theologians, his system had a turn toward Plato and Pantheism. It was to be expected that he should attack the followers of the Teuton Aquinas just as the Burgundian, St. Bernard, fell foul of Abelard. But it would not be true to discriminate a Celtic and a Teutonic philosophy. Celtic thinkers were often carried beyond the mark as Renan in recent time by a dilettante's enthusiasm. The Teuton scholastics steadied themselves on Aristotle. Aquinas made Aristotle a sacristan. But the revulsion from ideas to facts was to exert itself in England chiefly. Lord Bacon expressed the antithesis to the mediæval thought, and a fellow countryman, Bentham, codified utilitarianism. Hobbes believed in

force unspiritualised, in central government purged of patriotism even! To the modern materialism which hinges on Bacon and Bentham, no Celts have replied. They are satisfied to remain under the mystic shields of Catholicism or Calvinism, whence no entreaty can drag them. But in the development of the old thought they played their part. "Every cultivated man daily uses expressions which go back to Duns Scotus," says Eucken. Vestiges of the Irish missioners before the tenth century could be traced in European arts. But they are obscured and forgotten. Only rare relics here and there attest that they ever lived—the library of Bobbio, St. Killian's Bible at Wartzburg, St. Gall's bell in Switzerland, and the Celtic glosses running through the oldest of manuscripts (*libri scotici scripti* they were called).

But their effect was not nil in their day. Merovingian was awed and Carolingian charmed by them. The forests of Germany and the plains of Lombardy were penetrated and illumined by them. The *exul Hibernicus* became a type and a character long before

mediæval times. Irish learning was not perfect or permanent, but it was better than any other available. Only the Danish invasions destroyed the homeland monasteries of Bangor and Clonmacnoise, and deprived Europe of a Celtic succession. Among the Anglo-Saxons, Franks, and Germans arose disciples and converts who tended to forget their memory while succeeding to the work of the Irish. Doubtless they were better organised and less imaginative than the old missioners. But it was only natural when the Roman church emerged stronger than ever out of the German invasions that the rites and system of Rome should gradually displace the Celts. St. Boniface gathered in the sheaves they had sown in Germany, and St. Benedict took over their houses. Glastonbury and Bobbio became Benedictine. Burchard the Englishman succeeded Killian. It is curious to find a surviving complaint from one Dubwin, an Irish monk, that the German brethren were already taking credit for Irish labours. A modern German, however, Zimmer, very fairly admits that the

Irish "laid the corner-stone of western culture on the Continent, the rich results of which Germany shares and enjoys in common with all other civilised nations." This is, perhaps, the more remarkable testimony to that wave of superhuman energy and unfailing zeal which there were no historians to record.

Those who study liturgy have found traces of Irish influence in the Gallican rite—that is, the manner of the Gauls in celebrating mass—the great Aryan service—in contrast to the Roman influence men like St. Wilfred and St. Boniface were responsible for. Dr. Sigourney Fay gives an interesting note:

> You might say that almost all the things at Mass which are said secretly are Celtic, and all the symbolical ceremonies are likewise Celtic. The Romans had no feeling for ceremonies at all. Their ceremonies were only decent ways of doing what had to be done. The Ritual, and especially the Pontifical, is full of Celtic elements. All the Ordination of priests, which comes after the first imposition of hands, the anointing and giving of the instruments, the vesting, and so on—all that is Celtic.

Even through the stereotype of the liturgy national character can be traced. In the

Celtic and Gallican rites was the "washing of the feet," with the old prayer: "I wash your feet. As our Lord did to his disciples do unto guests and strangers that you may have eternal life." It was reminiscent of the Irish love of travelling and kindness to strangers both.

The Celtic tonsure and Easter differed from the Roman. The Irish method of computing Easter was by Jewish reckoning, which with Byzantine art and Eastern asceticism had remained in Ireland when cut off from the Orient. Romilly Allen says: "Once the Celt had borrowed an idea he was able to give it such a strong Celtic tinge that it soon became something so different as to be unrecognisable." In Ireland these practices became distinctly Irish. The Irish Easter, or "bright Easter," as it was called, was celebrated on the fourteenth of the lunar month, the day of the Passover thus coinciding with the full moon. Without its celestial setting Easter seemed "dark" to these children of nature. The Irish Easter was mystical, and perhaps related to their

love of the elements, while the Roman system was mathematical.

At the Synod of Whitby the Celts and the Romans came into conflict for the last time. "On one side the Celtic spirit, proud, independent, and passionate . . . on the other the spirit of Rome, the spirit of discipline and authority," said Montalembert. Sadly the old abbots of the clan bowed before Wilfred, the dispenser of discipline—"the eldest son of an invincible race." From Devenish to Iona, in Wales, and last of all in Cornwall, the old Easter was gradually abandoned. In silent protest the monks of Lindisfarne carried back Aidan's bones to Ireland. The Celtic intrenchments which lay about Christendom were absorbed into the regular diocesan warfare. Only in Ireland the bishopric still clung to the clan. The modern bishoprics mark the old kingdoms before they were cut into Saxon shires. The most wonderful free-lances in Christian history passed into legend or shrine. Before Peter the Hermit was born the Celtic Crusade was at an end.

Celt and Roman had collided once as armed and secular enemies. A second time within a thousand years they met as religious rivals. Rome had built her terrestrial empire over the broken Celtic confederacies, and centuries later her ecclesiastical executrix had enveloped the Celtic churches with her dominion.

It is noticeable that Rome supported the Saxon against the Celt at this time, a policy culminating in the fatal grant of Ireland to England by a Saxon Pope, Adrian IV, who nevertheless had an Irish professor. This does not mean the Celt was outside the Catholic pale, or that the Saxon was preeminently righteous. Saxon ecclesiasts were brutal to the clerics of the Gael. Irish Bishops would not eat with the English. The conflict found an amusing climax at the Synod of Drogheda, when "Thomas and Cormac, by divine grace the bishops of Kilmore," tried to sit in the same see. Both in Germany and England the Saxon, when not under his strong-minded saints, was liable to apostasy, and their priests con-

tinually abandoned celibacy. But when the Teuton produced a saint the Church enjoyed a champion or an organising talent worth a crowd of Celtic devotees—a Dunstan, a Boniface, or a Thomas à Becket.

The Celtic church, like the Celtic people, was merged in others. The work of the Irish civilisers was caught up in the great power which had begun to mould secular and religious Christendom. If the Irish saints were like meteors against the Dark Ages, there was yet to arise from the contact of Rome and Teuton a light out of the north, an aurora borealis in the Holy Roman Empire. Only in the memory of Celtic peoples Ireland remained that unforgotten Holy Island typified in the Breton legend as a part of paradise anchored by diamond cables in an unknown sea, where the souls of the missionary saints lived under the guise of white birds.

V

THE HOLY ARYAN EMPIRE

After the Teutonic brooming and the Celtic mission had swept through western Europe, the ancient spirit of Rome moved behind her ramparts. The time had come for the northerner and the Roman to take stock of each other, if Europe as a continent was to come to herself. Languid and shaken though she was, Rome was still the pulse of Christendom. She was becoming the heart of Europe. The barbarian movements had shaken her severely without displacing Christianity. It was realised that the New Religion was more permanent than the Old Empire. The genius of the time-spirit united them temporarily as one. The Teutonic impress proved to be constructive. But the spiritual sense of unity required an external and destructive power to bring it into relief. Already the fresh Mohammedan flood had

begun to beat with sterile vigour on the confused confines of Europe, leaving in Asia and Africa the salt-strewn ruins of churches.

Continents are a more lasting division than countries, as universalism is the higher form of patriotism. The Aryans originally devoted their patriotism to clan and family as the Celts did into historic times. From tribal arose territorial loyalty, which reached its highest brilliance in Greece, but the Greek states devoured themselves in the Peloponnesian War. Rome was tribal, becoming republican and imperial under the pressure of Carthage and barbarian. *Delenda est Carthago* was once the white man's burden. For a moment Alexander had united Greece and thrust into Asia. But the business of the Aryan is not so much to subjugate Asia as to keep it out of Europe (and to-day out of America—the great Aryan colony). Asia has weapons more terrible than the sword, and smites the Aryan with disease and sensuality. Alexander's army and empire were stricken by luxury. The little finger of Asia corrupted

Greece. Lydians easily acccomplished what the Persians could not. The Roman Empire decayed when African and Oriental entered into her vitals. Antony's escapade with Cleopatra became a symbol of Aryan treason and decadence. It was so felt by the Latin writers and the divine Augustus. It is forbidden the West to mate with the East. The Crusades are credited by a ghastly irony of fate with bringing back leprosy, which had been known before significantly as the "Phœnician disease." No white army has ever gone into the East without suffering physically or morally—as the Anglo-Saxon laureate has stated frankly: "There are no ten commandments east of Suez." As soon as Mohammed pressed Christendom, Rome realised herself. Gradually Teuton militarist and Roman ecclesiast came together. The pallium of the Pope and the gonfalon of Germany. They remained in conflicting conjunction until the sixteenth century, when Germany tore both herself and Christendom asunder. For five hundred years the Popes of Rome main-

tained their attitude of warfare against the crescent. Not until Christendom was divided into sects and nationalities could Mohammed make good his fatal foothold in Aryaland. "Modern history begins under stress of the Ottoman conquest," said Acton. But the Teutons did their share of defence. Charles Martel, King of the Franks, the same who authorised Boniface to convert Germany, had thrown back the Saracens at Poitiers. Spain languished under the Moor until delivered by her Catholic and northern blood. Supremely, at Lepanto, John of Austria redeemed the Mediterranean from the Turk.

The Mohammedan touch was fatal to the Aryan. Throughout the Middle Ages the Asiatic menace lay at the doors of Europe. The European worship of woman and the family was threatened. If "polytheism" was the gibe of Asian Unitarianism at the church, "polygamy" was the retort of European chivalry. Mohammedanism did a great deal for itself but nothing for the world. All its art was parasitic, and it battened on

cultures it had destroyed. Its system was that of a sensuous socialism. All men were lords—all women concubines.

The joint presidency of Pope and empire made it possible not only to check the Mohammedan but to press crusade after crusade into his lair. The desecration of the Holy Land touched the Aryan imagination. The Holy Empire was an ideal if not a reality, uniting white men against the Asiatic peril, which in different forms is the same to-day and yesterday, and for ever. The Holy Roman Empire, as the famous gibe recalls, may have been neither an empire nor holy nor Roman. But it was a racial as much as an imperial idea, and it sanctified the defence of Europe. At its best it was a magnificent conception, inspiring Christendom with the ideas of unity in world-power and world-religion. Nations and languages found themselves under a common symbol. The empire did more to pacify and unite the white race than the combined forces of modern diplomacy and humanitarianism. Then it was that the Pope could proclaim

the truce of God, and chancellors, German and English, were his ecclesiasts. The empire was to be the terrestrial counterpart of the Church. Men believed both were immortal and divine. It was less parochial than the modern system of international rivalries, more spacious than a hectic balancement of all temporal power, which being ordained from on high was not intended to be the toy of bureaucrats. The holy empire was a dream worth dreaming if only it saved Europe from the Crescent. As it was, European diplomacy learned corruption from contact with the Sublime Porte. The Ottoman is Europe's family spectre.

The Eastern Empire, based on Constantinople, fell into the Byzantine lethargy, and its trappings were eventually divided by Turk and Slav. But the Western Empire fell to the Frank and German, who falling themselves under the spell of the old régime, perpetuated Aryan civilisation. The German tribes broke the necessary eggs to make the mediæval omelet. They contributed

the matrix out of which all the western nations except Ireland were formed.

Uncrossed the Teuton remained barbaric, but when Gallicised, Romanised, or otherwise tempered in blood or mind, he became the most civilising force in the world. The call of the Teuton to Christianity was a mighty factor of history. Teutons who stayed outside the Christian pale, like Scandinavians or Prussians, remained raiders and adventurers of the sword. Later the Teutonic knights reduced the Prussians to religion perforce under the ensign of St. Mary of the Germans. But Prussia began, as perhaps she may end, as the outcast of Christendom.

The civilised Teuton was largely responsible for the Holy Roman Empire, for the Crusades, and for Gothic architecture. Gothic may even better be called Teutonic, for it was the free-will offering of the north to the Christ. The Byzantine style had an Asian touch, and Celtic building was mean. There was no stagnation or stuntedness in the towering piles of the Gothic north. Only a young, untired race could have in-

vented the flying buttress and conceived the great rose-windows of the northern cathedrals. Like dark, fog-stained icebergs, pricked with pinnacle and icicle, opening into vault and cave, studded with gargoyles and saints like the frozen gnomes and fairies of the north, the great Gothic cathedrals began to float down the seas of time. When the German guns beat on Rheims they were knelling their own doom, for Gothic was the token of reconciliation between the barbarian and God. Although Gothic came later, and never flourished in Germany as in England and France, it was the master work of master Teutons. From the Ile-de-France it spread its rich beauty, captivating Norman and Saxon, Frank and Burgundian. England will be remembered longer for her cathedrals than for her conquests. The towers of Amiens, Paris, and Chartres will outlive all Gallic revolution, and Rheims will survive all invasions.

Wherever northern blood asserted itself the Gothic cathedral challenged the heavens. Spaniards realised that the north was stronger

in them than the south, and built Leon, Burgos, and Toledo. In Italy, Gothic did not go farther south than Milan, which represents the Germanic gonfalon planted in classic Italy. In Rome, the Popes never cultivated the northern style. Gothic prefers cloud to sun.

Germany kept Italy in the background of Europe. Not until the Renaissance did Italy assert herself, loaded down as she was by the faldstool of empire and the throne of the papacy. The Italians failed to become a nation, but they prevented Germany becoming an empire. The emperors lost their strength keeping down Italy. They generally had to capture Rome to be crowned therein. The Italians played little part as a nation in the conversion of Europe or in the Crusades. They became the divinely appointed lazzaroni of the world, but they brought every form of art outside the mechanical to perfection.

The mediæval civilisation sprang from the untutored Teuton. He was the novice of the north who came to vivify and emotion-

alise Latin Christianity. Henceforth Catholicism ceased to be a Mediterranean cult. Enthusiasm was dead and sanctity hidden, when the new blood struck new roots of strength and piety. Nevertheless, the Teuton received gifts more precious than he could bring. Without Christianity he had gone to barbaric seed. Germany always sickens without religion. When the Germans learned Latin it was as pregnant for civilisation as when the Irish learned the catechism. Teutonism and Romanism were fused. The Latin Pope and the German Emperor ruled the world. It was to the north, and never to Italy, that the Pope appealed for succour. In 800 A. D. the grand climax arrived. Pope Leo III took away the empire of the west, held in shadow-wise by the Greeks, and gave it substantially to the Germans. Charlemagne, whose favourite reading was Augustine's *City of God*, was crowned in St. Peter's, and the idea of the divine empery upon earth assumed reality. What a Renaissance Pope called "the game of the world" fell into supreme hands.

It seemed to the simple minds of men as though the Germans were to become a chosen people to put God's house in order on earth. The millennium was anticipated. But it came neither in church nor in state.

The most drastic change made by the northern influx in Christianity was the sanctification of military life. In primitive times Christian soldiers returning from war were not allowed communion. Under the Holy Empire they received communion before bloodshed. The "benediction of the sword" was constituted. It was the materialism of the Teuton under a sacred guise. A compromise between cross and sword was reached, and the sacred horse of the Aryan became the visible sign of the sacrament of chivalry. Military genius and glory were made not the instrument but the halo of the Church. Mohammed had made the Christian sword a necessity, and the Holy Empire was a necessity, if the sword was not to be turned against itself.

For the next few centuries German Popes and Emperors crossed the scene, leaving

names before which the modern world still gasps. A Charlemagne! a Hildebrand! Charlemagne was the last Roman Emperor and the first German professor. He composed grammar and discussed dogma. Subsequent Emperors were his shadows. He established a divine dualism. The twain swords of temporal and spiritual power were dropped into one sheath. The extension of the empire was complemental to the conversion of the nations. Charlemagne devised a theocracy rather than an empire in the modern sense.

So great was Charlemagne that the King of Norway called his son Magnus after him, as though no other could be great again. Kaiser he was, and theologian and reformer to boot. War and culture were the wings of his helmet. Mediæval Europe was the starry shadow of his throne. He wore unchallenged the seamless robe of Christendom, out of which the patchwork nationalities of Europe have since been cut. As Shakespeare adds—

> "Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too
> That sure they have worn out Christendom."

As ruler of Rome and protector of Palestine he was Aryan Emperor indeed. With armies composed of five European nationalities he had some claim to the title "magnus et pacificus." He marched against the Moor in Spain, inspiring in his wake the Roland epic, which the Normans sang as they conquered England, and he heard the appeal of the Christian East against Haroun-al-Raschid of Arabian Nights' fame. So does he link the mediæval literature of east and west.

Charlemagne had conceived of a papal and an imperial system equally permanent. The Frank and German portions of the empire were very soon divided by his own descendants—Louis and Charles. Lorraine, called from another scion Lothair, was added to the Frankish kingdom by the treaty of Verdun, but destined to be a bone of contention, like Celtic Alsatia, for a thousand years, until even more famous events at Verdun. Alsace was originally Celtic, and became a part of Roman Gaul. As Christian and Latinised it was overrun by Teutons, but the old racial feud sowed the seeds of the future

national rivalry between Francia Teutonica and Francia Latina. The feud stayed more distinct than the blood. Freeman complains of "Parisian aggression" in Alsace and Lorraine. What happened was that the Frank in France became Latinised, so that "Celtic, Capetian, Parisian France looked like a limb wrongfully cut off from the body of the Empire." The Franconian stayed a Teuton. Hence a terrible rivalry which has not been laid to rest. The first sign was in the tenth century when Lothair raided Otto and significantly turned round the bronze eagle which Charlemagne had fixed at Aix looking toward Gaul. The Germans invaded France, prayed at Rheims, and sang *Alleluia* on Montmartre, as the chroniclers tell us. Alsace-Lorraine fell to the Hohenstaufen, but under Louis XIV reverted to France, whose she is still in soul.

As the empire faded nationalism was brought out by facts of history and geography, even when bloods were mixed. Spain was moulded by the Mussulman into a nation. England woke consciousness in

France, and Spain in England. Irish nationality was forged by England, and Polish nationalism dates from the fall of Poland. France and Germany made each other by attempting to destroy each other. Nations had to choose between being anvils or hammers. The germinant trouble between nations was not helped by the quarrels which broke out between Popes and Emperors. Universalism was accepted, but neither Pope nor Emperor could abide a superior. Their strife was far from petty. Men of real might fought out the ideals of church and state on a higher plane than that of modern disputation.

The Frank Kings had interfered in the Church, and the Popes had begun to interfere in German politics. The jealousy of Frank and Lombard was like to divide Christendom. Typically one Nail of the Cross went with St. Louis to Paris, another into the iron crown of Lombardy. The empery went to the Germans, with whom it remained, theoretically, through historic times—until Napoleon restored it titularly to the Franks,

from whom again it passed after Sedan. The old Europe was not divided as to whether German or Frank should be Emperor and prædominate Europe, but as to whether Kaiser made Pope or Pope made Kaiser. This question was not properly solved even by Napoleon, who made the Pope make him Cæsar. Only Maximilian had dared to dream the solution of becoming Pope and Emperor in one person. His grandson was Charles V, who in despair abandoned the terrestrial empire for the religious life.

Under the Hohenstaufen and the Ottonides, Pope and Kaiser began to undercut each other by stirring princelings and bishops against the other. The empire became decisively German under Otto the Great. Otto I deposed a Pope, and Gerbert was made Pope by Otto III. But there arose Teuton Popes like Gerbert (Sylvester II), and Hildebrand (Gregory VII), who reformed and pressed home the papal power. When the Kaisers claimed superpowers, their own Popes opposed them. Henry IV deposed

Hildebrand, but Hildebrand, in splendid concept of his office, excommunicated the Emperor! As his panegyrist sang, remembering the ancient defeat of the Teutons by Rome: "What Marius wrought with slaughter of soldiers thou dost with thy small voice." The old rivalry of Rome and Germany was awake. But Rome conquered at Canossa, where Henry, though not without an ulterior motive, awaited the Pope's absolution in the snow.

Pope Adrian IV fought the Emperor Barbarossa, asking him: "What is the Teutonic King until consecrated at Rome?" Barbarossa exhibited Kaiserism in its worst aspect. He destroyed Milan, and massacred the Romans in pursuit of the policy, which was to drain Germany. It may be said that the Germans were united as an empire, but divided as a nation. If they wasted Italy, Rome kept Germany asunder. The religious confusion and political exasperation was apparent long before the Reformation. It was chiefly due to the Teuton Junkers, who made themselves bishops.

Militarism was enthroned in the sanctuary. Barbarossa set up an anti-Pope before Pope Nicholas could bring him to his knees. But he died an Aryan death in the field against the Mohammedan. In German legend he sleeps in the mountains of Thuringia waiting "the day." He would have been surprised had he awoke recently to find himself probably a Pasha, and the Ottomans indistinct from the Ottonides.

The final conflict as to what things should be rendered to the Kaiser and what things to God raged between Frederick II and Innocent III. The world has never penetrated the mysterious and inscrutable Emperor whom Dante classed in hell. Whether he was the last pagan or the first modern, let men debate. With his "viper blood"—to use the papal phrase—the German Empire passed away in the mid-year of that astounding thirteenth century—the century of Dante, Thomas Aquinas, Francis, Dominic.

While the great offices of the Church were filled by huntsmen, princes, and gladiators, the convents and religious orders of the

north flowered with poets and mystics. Holy women, ecstatic visionaries, prophets, and dreamers produced a culture from which Catholic mysticism and all that is best in evangelicalism is derived. Mechtild looked into the other world and called hell "Eternal Hatred." Hildegarde saw Barbarossa in her trance, looking "small and insensate beneath the Living Eyes," and told him so. Ruysbroeck in Holland, and the English Juliana of Norwich exemplified the beauty of ecstasy. God was chosen for himself, not for his gifts. "For I would liever have been in that pain till Doomsday than to come to Heaven otherwise than by Him," said Juliana, and Thomas à Kempis touched a dizzy height when he wrote, and then erased, the annihilating words: "Better be with Christ in Hell than without Him in Heaven." His marvellous *Imitation of Christ* was the quintessence of the loyal and mystical Teuton enslaved to God. Celtic and Teuton mysticism had a leaven of pantheism in common, which the latter seemed to have extracted from Eriugena. All mys-

tics exaggerate. "God is nearer than our own soul," said Juliana.

The German achievement extended to song and literature. Saxon Hugh of St. Victor added the Latin sequence to the liturgy. Albert the Great was the first professor of encyclopædiac knowledge. His more famous pupil, Thomas of Aquinas, mapped the whole thought of the time. Catholic teaching remains in the mould he devised for it. Scientific thought is the Teuton emotion as imagination is the Celtic. Aquinas refined the incorporeal nature of the angels, and Roger Bacon, the Oxford friar, foretold material flying-machines. The neo-Platonist, Eriugena, is forgotten, while the Aristotelian Aquinas sits for ever among the doctors in the temple.

The prædominance of Pope over Emperor showed itself in that mighty manifestation of the West against the East—the Crusades. Gregory VII could conceive of a European policy, of an attempt to unite the Greek and Latin churches, and to keep at bay the Saracen. Innocent III came the nearest to

making the United States of Europe a possibility. Church councils and arbitration by legates formed the pacific side of his policy. The military side consisted not only in the Crusade against the East, but in minor Crusades against French Albigenses, Spanish Moors, Prussian pagans, the English King, and everybody who stood outside his conception of religious universalism applied to Europe.

The great Crusades were a failure, though they led indirectly to results which have affected the world ever since—initiating relations with the East and rousing the spirit of discovery. In the actual field the Latin Church conflicted with the Greek, and national jealousies broke out. Hospitallers fought Templars—the Holy Land was won and lost. When the leagues became political and the contributions a means of fiscal provision, the Aryan outlook disappeared. The failure of the Crusades stunned Christendom. Teuton peoples had originally become Christian on the understanding that the Christian God was the stronger in battle. When St.

Louis was taken prisoner his knights made alms to Mohammed, for that he was now stronger than Christ. The Crusaders could not understand how God, if he willed the Crusades, should not will them victory. The Teuton mind could not comprehend as well as the Celtic what is meant by a moral victory in defeat. For the Celts went to war and they always fell. It was for a lost cause that the Irish fought for five hundred years—for a lost cause that the Scotch Highlanders and the French Bretons made their solitary entries into European warfare. It was the lost cause of the Confederate South which inspired an Irish Ryan to write "The Conquered Banner."

The Crusades left the idea of the empire blurred. Modern nationalism had not come, but France and Germany had begun to quarrel for the lead of Europe. Counter-prophecies placed the empire on different sides of the Rhine. French Popes worked against German unity. France pocketed the papacy at Avignon, and Barbarossa dreamed of Germans ruling the world. For a time

Europe seemed to resent his view of universalism. But Germany herself was torn by civil jealousies and wars. The contest of German against the world was postponed, for the stock of German Emperors ran out. The second Frederick died in 1250, and five hundred years were to pass before an even more sinister Frederick remoulded German Kaiserism afresh.

The empire confused Germany. It stumbled between Rhine and Rhone. It mauled Italy and clutched Rome. As Bülow says: "Its body was not big enough to fill its garment." With the passing of the aspiring Hohenstaufens another life commenced. Towns developed in contrast to agriculture, and native German crept up beside the imperial Latin. Absorption in purely spiritual subjects gave room to the consideration of things as they are. Political realists succeeded imperial dreamers.

Interregnum followed Frederick II during which the Pope and the electors picked out Rudolph of Hapsburg to be Emperor. The Hohenstaufens had proved the highest water-

mark of German empery. The Hapsburgs proved only caretakers for the Hohenstaufens, as later the military parvenus known as the Hohenzollerns assumed the legacy which had vaguely descended to the house of Austria.

The rivalry of the French and Austrian houses was on the horizon. The Greek schism saw one Pope with the German countries and another with the Romanic. There were double elections in empire and popedom. The Emperor Sigismund had the true ideal of striving to unite the church at the Council of Constance, and to combine west Europe against the Turks, who were threatening Europe itself. Constance, the first European Congress, antedated the Great War by just five hundred years.

Mediæval Europe passed with the taking of Constantinople. Biding their opportunity, the Turks took Gallipoli, the step to Stamboul, and a few years later the Byzantine capital. The abomination of desolation was brought about when St. Sophia became a mosque. The antique legend of the Byzantine passed to modern Muscovy, which alone

of modern states kept memory of the Crusades. The Reformed churches which were to control the north were unfavourable to Crusades. Luther thought it a sin to war against Turks, as they were a means of divine chastisement. Before long Europe used them as a political means against the House of Austria. France, followed by England, made treaty with the Turk. Secular Europe recognised Mohammed.

The fall of Constantinople by scattering the Greek classics contributed to the Renaissance. The Renaissance in inspiring humanism inspired the forces which held the Reformation in their lap. The paganism of the Renaissance was Latin. The children of the Church ate nakedly of the tree of beauty, and in horror of the Rome of Borgia and Medici the northern folk made themselves the breeches of Puritanism. But there was a literary efflorescence in Germany and in England. While Latin neopagans browsed on Plato and the Greek poets, the northern Protestants returned to St. Augustine and St. Paul. The loss of the Teuton north in

the councils and the missions of the Church during three hundred years proved serious. Even the loyalty and development of Irish Catholicism, which under Anglo-Saxon persecution became ultramontanely Roman, did not fill the gap. The Italian cardinalate has since held the papacy in trust for a disunited Christendom. Adrian VI, the last "barbarian pontiff," as the Romans called him, did not avail before the Medicean poison. Nine years after Julius chased the barbarians out of Italy Adrian of Louvain sat on his throne, one who loved Flemish art and sent Italian poets empty away. He died of grief on hearing Rhodes had fallen to the Turks.

It was his friend and pupil, the Emperor Charles V, who gave the Knights of Rhodes their new home in Malta. Charles, who became Emperor with the dawn of the Reformation, was a summary of the mediæval ideal. He strove under discouraging circumstances against division in creed and policy. He initiated the Church Council of Trent, and his illegitimate son, John of Austria, cleared

the Mediterranean of Turks. Unfortunately Francis I of France not only opposed the meeting of the council, but leagued himself with the Turks. The destructive policy which made the Turks a wedge in Europe for centuries was established. Francis exhibited the worst side of a Gallic monarch as Charles the better side of a Teuton. There could be no comparison between the petulant, unstable King and the sober, shrewd Emperor. Charles was strong-willed and far-sighted, but he could not create circumstances. The Lutherans foiled his Church policy as the German princes, with Francis to encourage them, undid his imperialism. When circumstances failed him, he withdrew to a monastery haunted by the magnificence of the ideals he had striven to practise.

The Holy Roman Empire was the only thread which connected ancient, mediæval, and modern history. God doubtless divided the nations Babelwise, and man piled and hammered them into empires. Only the Holy Roman Empire had a shadow of ex-

cuse. Whether it was the shadow of the Cross or of Cæsar that it threw across Europe no modern empire can sit in judgment to say. But it kept alive the Aryan ideal. It was not, indeed, till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the Emperor Francis II feebly surrendered his title in deference to the newly fledged Emperor of the French. Though the Holy Roman Empire passed away, the European principalities became enamoured of imperialism. Apart from the Czardom, the twentieth century saw no less than three self-styled Emperors living at the same time in Europe. A mediæval European returning to life would have need to add to the utterances of the Athanasian Creed concerning the possibility of one or three gods, some such clause as "Not three Emperors, but one Emperor," if the unity of Europe was to be kept as clear and sacred as the unity of the Godhead.

VI

THE ARYAN DISPERSION

With the sixteenth century a wonderful and many-sided chapter began to evolve in European history. It was twofold—the disorganised development of nationalities within, and the expansion of a new and greater Europe beyond seas. If the Renaissance had the expansive effect of a new wine, a new bottle was at hand in America.

A spirit partly missionary and partly prædatory fell upon all that was adventurous and religious in Europe. The great discoveries were really a continuation of the Crusades. Columbus started signed with the cross. It is worthy of record that one William of Galway was among his crew. It can never be known whether the legends of Celts and vikings reaching America previously are true. Men whose ancestors had striven to save the relics of God in the Holy

Land went out now in order to find Him in the uttermost parts of the sea.

Zeal too often declined into cupidity, and the achievement of the Teutonic peoples, which based itself on the tracks and settlements of the Latins, slowly declared itself in the appropriation of the earth. A spirit of divine curiosity and insatiable investigation lifted the race above itself. The glass of the Teuton swept sky and sea, challenging equally mankind and divinity. It was symbolic that on the same day Magalhães saw land, proving thereby the roundness of the earth (March 6, 1521), Charles V summoned Luther to Worms.

Three movements pervaded Europe and entirely broke up the old self-centred, self-satisfied notions of men, setting them to seek and desire outside the thought of the Church, and outside the confines of the empire. The Humanist movement recalled to Europe its classical past. The staid scholastic view of thought was mocked by paganised poets. All who were not Humanists were decried as "obscurantists." The Humanists were æs-

thetic, and had they continued would have been anti-Puritan. Originating in Italy, the movement spread north, evoking Erasmus in Germany, and Sir Thomas More in England. The Celt not having been part of the classical world felt no need for its Renaissance.

The Renaissance was a brilliant flash in the pan of the old Græco-Roman world. Schoolmen pretended to be poets, Christians to be pagans, and Rome to be Athens. The old dead soil in which the Teuton had planted and reared mediævalism, suddenly came to life itself, with a life that was always beautiful but sometimes poisonous. It appealed to the Latins more than to the north. The Italian Popes adopted its spirit because they were Italians, and not because they were Popes. Dr. Barry's account of these pontiffs in the *Catholic Encyclopædia* is that of a Catholic historian judging a delicate period. His summarised views point to Julius II as a secular intriguer, Leo X as brilliantly frivolous, Clement VII as a cowardly crook, and Pius II as somewhat of a smart society jour-

nalist. Pius II was a litterateur—the only Pope to write his own life, thereby excluding it from the *Lives of the Saints*, but he died attempting to muster troops against the Turks. Julius II was a soldier, but not in the church militant. Leo III accepted the Roman Empire, but Leo X Greek culture. Leo X and Clement VII were of the Medici. The former condemned Luther, and the latter saw the Lutheran soldiers of Charles V sack Rome and put an end to the Renaissance.

Heine, the nearest of Germans to being French in mind, put a great deal of history into a nutshell when he recognised that the Reformation was the Teutonic counterblast to the Italian Renaissance. Acton called Luther "a barbarian thundering at the gates of Rome." Reformation in matters religious and discovery in matters mundane were to change the world. Reformation originated with the Teutons, and was repelled from the Mediterranean peninsulas, from which again proceeded the first voyages of discovery by which the Teutons

eventually were to profit. The Reformation hardly reached the Celt, who did not enter into his share of the new world for three centuries to come.

Under the Holy Roman Empire men believed they had reached the last word in church and state. Europe was the fixed centre of a Christian universe. On one side was ocean, and on the other Mohammed. The presence of Asia was accepted like the existence of evil in the world. The caliphates of Cordova and Bagdad stood over against the holy cities of Byzantium and Rome. The fall of Constantinople was the sign that a thousand years of history had passed.

Geography and astronomy opened a new world and a new universe. The Aryan Teuton was enabled to gratify his lust for wandering, for speculation, for discovery, for power to the extreme.

But as Humanism, which led the way for the Reformation, came from the Mediterranean countries, so did the initial discoveries proceed from Romance countries, and prin-

cipally from Spain, whose blood and whose glory are equally claimed by Latin and Teuton apologists. It was later that the Anglo-Saxon showed himself the master trader and the superviking of the world. The extent of his material success was largely due to the fact that he was never burdened by a religious motive, with the exception of his outcasts—the Puritans. The Spaniard carried the old Aryan religion in the hold of his galleon. But the Anglo-Saxon was willing to trade idols to India.

While Portugal, Spain, England, and France spread themselves abroad, Germany alone of the mediæval principals failed to plant her flag in the new worlds, chiefly because she had none. Not for centuries did the black ensign of Prussia follow that of England through the highways of the sea. As Treitschke naïvely confessed in 1863, "The Fatherland has no flag at sea—like the pirates!" A hundred princes and princelets ruled in the central chaos of Europe. She who had lifted the sceptre of Cæsar over the throne of the Popes fell back exhausted.

She who had made Rome her faldstool, and Italy her appanage was destined never to have a capital as other nations own national capitals, and indeed not to become an empire again until the same time that the despised Italy was to become a kingdom. The Thirty Years' War destroyed the truest German type, leaving room for the Slav.

The Reformation proved a dividing and scattering force among Aryans. Men sought out the corners of the world with the motive either to plant the new religion in the New World, like the Puritans, or to plant the old faith in the older world of Asia, like the Jesuits. In Europe the Reformation was Teutonic both in space and spirit. Luther carried with him half Deutschtum and its kindred. He appealed, with coarse sublimity, to the old Germanic opposition to Rome. He was the successor of the Armenius who destroyed the legions of Varus, just as Coligny was a Huguenot Vercingetorix. In character and achievement Luther was the super-Teuton—"God's Wundermann," they called him—"a Philistine of genius," said

Matthew Arnold. After a Luther had lived it was a little late for Nietzsche to scream for a superman. What the French Revolution was to France, Luther was to Germany and the Teutonic world. Scandinavia, England, Lowland Scotland, and Holland answered his trump after their manner. The Reformation was the inevitable outburst of mingled rights and wrongs, but of economic rather than religious feeling, of revolutionary rather than restorative zeal. When Latin officials were corrupting the Holy Church, it descended like a storm from the north. It had the purifying but unfortunately also the destroying effect of a storm. The unity of Christendom flitted into limbo. Henceforth the white man needed some other theme than religion to unify his race. He found it in what is called modern civilisation. Congresses and conventions were to take the place of Church councils. Science took the place of dogma, diplomatists the place of legates, traders the place of missionaries. In other words, the secular age began. It was a queer omen that at the

Peace Convention at The Hague the representative of the Prince of Peace was not invited.

The Reformation went further than its originators can have dreamed. Goethe said the Reformation set back European civilisation. The Church had subdued the German idea and rejected imperialism in the German form. The German peoples rose against the Church. It was a racial instinct which enabled Henry VIII to bring England so easily into the movement. The Reformation was the second sweep of the Teutonic broom in Europe, and curiously enough it had the same results in isolating Britain. The first German descent upon Europe cut Celtic Britain off from secular Rome. The Reformation cut Anglo-Saxon England away from religious Rome. In each case Rome's legates ceased to pass in England, and in each case Ireland was unaffected. Neither the Teuton invader nor the Teuton reformer, when they appeared, were able to conquer Ireland.

In France the Reformation appealed to a

section only, was repressed, and broke out later in the virulent form of the Revolution. Whether the Huguenots represented the Teuton blood or not is indecipherable. Certain it is that the Gallo-Roman even with Frankish admixture, harks to Rome or nothing in religion. Great still is the spell which bound the Celtic Gauls to the Roman name. A secondary cause of failure was the feebleness of the French translation of the Bible, which in German or English became real literature. The Celtic element in France and elsewhere tended to remain Catholic, as Ireland and Brittany are to this day. Wales ceased to be Catholic owing to the racial quarrel between Welsh and English students in Rome, and the consequent failure of Welsh priests. Cornwall also lost her supply of Celtic-speaking priests, and later, mistaking the Wesleys for friars, became fervently Methodist, an example followed in the Isle of Man. The Cornish tongue died with the Reformation. It was typical of the Puritan governor of Cornwall to overthrow a stone called Mincamber, which Merlin had proph-

esied would stand till England had no King. The Celtic parts of England are non-Conformist in religion to-day. The difference between Celtic and Teutonic Protestants is evident. The former pass into passionate Calvinism or mystic evangelicalism. The latter inclined toward state churches, Anglican or Lutheran, which Celtic Protestants resent as forms of Catholicism made respectable—bowdlerised, in fact! The Teuton kept his King, though true Protestantism eventually throws the King after the priest.

Scotland is regarded as the only Celtic country that played a great part in the Reformation. Buckle, a typical Anglo-Teuton, wrote on this head: "The French have a religion worse than themselves; the Scotch have a religion better than themselves!"

The tragedy and incompleteness of Scotch history is due to double personality—Celtic and Saxon. The Scotch kingdom was an Irish-Pictish state, but Strathclyde was a Cymric kingdom, and Lothian was Saxon. The Norman invasion pushed more Saxons

into the Lowlands. "The Lowland Scots were Teutons," said Froude. The historical duality appeared when the Celtic Stuarts persecuted the Lowland convenanting element of Scotland, and were later followed to the death by their faithful Celtic clans. The Covenant was Nationalist—the mystic Magna Carta of Scotland.

The Covenanters themselves helped the English Parliament with men—but supporting Charles II were smitten by Cromwell. Holy Milton sang of streams "with blood of Scots imbrued." Cromwell was the pivot of English history. He was the incarnation of all that was great, cruel, and religious in the Teuton. He had entered the University of Cambridge the day that Shakespeare died. On that day Puritan England was born, and "Merrie England" passed away (April 23, 1616). In Scotland the religious strife faded away, but the Celtic-versus-Saxon sentiment remained embodied in the hatred between Jacobites and Whigs. The brutal massacre of Glencoe, in which a Macdonald clan perished by order of a Dutch William, and the

butchering inflicted by the German Duke of Cumberland after the defeat of Prince Charles Edward made the Celtic glamour part of Scotch tradition. Celtic persistence can be generally traced to a sanguinary defeat. After the fall of the Stuarts emigration set in among the Celts.

The Reformation had brushed away mediævalism at the cost of disintegration. Church unity was as extinct as the Holy Empire. Chivalry in warfare and the sense of the family of Christendom disappeared. The Continent was left in the throes of sects and nationalities. Under the inspiration of Machiavelli modern diplomacy commenced its course of disastrous subterfuge. Though Machiavelli was no more Machiavellian than Luther was a Lutheran, his name became a symbol. Nation was set against nation, and only new worlds and apparently exhaustless limits of undiscovered territory diverted their rivalry from breaking out at home. It was clear that, should the world ever be completely divided, a European war must ensue. As it was, the spoils of the

world were contested before they were all discovered. Before the work of explorer and buccaneer that of Crusader and Templar fell into the background.

The vague absolutism of a single Emperor passed into a polyarchy of absolute Kings, who proclaimed their divine right to the exclusion of any previous notions held in church or state. A King's peers became his creatures. Philip II of Spain, Henry VIII of England, Louis XIV of France, and as a climax, Frederick of Prussia, whose kingship the Pope bade the Catholic Powers not to recognise, exemplified the new type. Richard Cœur de Lion and St. Louis became legends. Frederick was the great Protestant King. The Catholic kingdom of Poland he made a not unbloody communion for the eagles of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Pitt made England support him rather than not, because England was anti-French, because France upheld the Stuarts, because the Stuarts upheld the Pope. Europe, having abandoned the idea of universalism, was beset by the love of the absolute. Each nation

strove for the hegemony of Europe in turn, and dissipated its strength in commandeering the New World. After Spain, France and England followed suit. The dangerous doctrine of a balance of European power was initiated, a balance which the next claimant to world-power invariably overturned, that ironic balance of peace to preserve which so many wars are fought.

The Teuton has craved the absolute as the Celt has craved the infinite. Celtic ideals have been too vague to affect world-policies. But the absolutism of Teutons has assured them the material world. North America, Africa, and Europe are theirs. Their royal houses sit on the thrones of Europe. Their conceptions of liberty and government set the standard to civilisation. Their application of absolutism to steam and electricity has revolutionised progress. But absolutism in inciting chosen nations and stimulating international rivalries has wrecked the Aryan world.

The chief consolation for the distractions of Europe lay in the expansion of the white

race beyond the ocean. The Pope as Aryan referee had drawn a line across the map dividing the New World between Spain and Portugal. Whenever they conflicted he acted as arbitrator. The Spaniard showed the qualities of his component race strains in colonisation. Within half a century Spanish America was a reality. The Portuguese were less successful and more commercial. The northern continent went to Dutch, French, and finally Anglo-Saxon, who exterminated the Indian. "The Anglo-Saxon is the only extirpating race on earth," said Sir Charles Dilke, comparing them to the Portuguese in Ceylon, the Dutch in Java, and the Spanish in Mexico. The Spanish policy of tutelage and the lack of their own women overseas led unfortunately to interbreeding, with the result that Aryan religions and constitutional forms barely serve to conceal what is, in many parts of Latin America, a mongrel nightmare, where half-caste counts as white. Even Bolivar did not think the Latin republics capable of self-government. Only a small Latin aris-

tocracy kept their caste in Mexico or Chile. The problem of the half-caste in the south, like that of the negro in North America, awaits solution, and in awaiting only grows more and more formidable.

Both Latin and Teuton were cruel to the native, but their cruelty had variant effect. The South American Indian survived. "The Laws of the Indies" were as creditable to Spain as the abolition of slavery was to be to England. The North American was driven into slow extinction. The Teuton cannot help being cruel racially if he is to preserve his blood. The Tasmanian, the Maori, the Red Indian perish before his rum and his microbes. He introduced measles into the New Hebrides for that purpose. Only Aryan can withstand Aryan, as is shown by the French in Canada and the Dutch in South Africa. Yet the problem of the native races was no easy one. Charles V expended care on the baptism and humanising of the Indians. As far as a solution was possible, the Jesuits achieved it by their platonic colonies in Paraguay,

which amounted to a socialism administered by schoolmasters. They defended the native from the official, the slave-hunter, and the epidemic. Only in Jesuit Paraguay and British India have native races benefited on a large scale from Aryan rule. To these a third should be added—the emancipated negro of the United States. In the whole history of the Aryan dispersion through the world, there was no greater tragedy than the American Civil War. Like all real tragedies, it was a conflict of right against right—on the surface, of State-rights against the rights of a Union, but intensified by the racial problem, whether the negro and the white man could be made equals. The victory of the Union induced the fantastic experiment of seating a negro in Jefferson Davis's chair, to prove "the fatherhood of God." Nevertheless the Aryan heroes of the South had not fought in vain, for the negro, even when most privileged and successful, is not conceded real equality in the North, or even voting power in the South. Slavery being forbidden by man's reason,

and equality by natural instinct, America merely postpones the issue, which abides a reckoning.

If crimes are committed in the name of charity, follies are perpetuated in the name of liberty. That all the half-caste states of South America are inherently suited to the Aryan institutions, is one of those fallacies by which a modern Mexico or the Pan-American dream-scheme is tolerated. Traders and politicians are likely to profit, and not undeservedly, from the working of a Pan-American creed—"There is one America, and James Monroe is its prophet," but the time will come when it will be seen that the American races are not one, and the illusion will decay. The true alliance of the United States is across the ocean with her truer kin.

The problem of race, which lies like a sleeping volcano under the Americas, under India and Africa, is the most serious one which has developed in the train of the Aryan dispersion. Science does not allow us to say there is a chosen race, though Eu-

ropean nations have in turn regarded themselves as such. But race law does point to degeneracy of blood which is not degeneracy of culture. The Aryan is simply different from the other races, and that difference is lost in blending for the worse.

Religion played as great a part in the lives of the Puritan settlers in the North as with the Latins, who founded bishoprics and universities through the South. In spite of the French element, and an equally pious Irish infusion later, religion in North America sank to second place. The Teutonic mind asserted itself, and dogmatic discipline gave way to the facts of materialism. Churches remained wisely tolerated if not exalted, well-provided if not privileged—perhaps an ideal system. In relation to religion, as well as to civil questions, the United States rapidly proved herself more than a colony or a reflection of Europe. She became a second edition but an *édition de luxe* of the old Continent, and on lines which tended more and more to assure her the future of the world, provided she retained

her Aryan heritage. Her Declaration of Independence was the apotheosis of Magna Carta.

In Asia the Aryan met a very different Indian than in America—more numerous, more civilised, and in some ways on a higher religious level. As a general result the white man penetrated Asia, but did not influence it, except politically. And even so, the key of English policy in India is strict recognition of local customs and belief. Christianity, which was once a leading Asiatic religion, was not inculcated by the sword of the conqueror or included in the bag of the commercial traveller. Only Spain performed the miracle of establishing a Christian country in the East—the Philippines. Though altruistic ideas now prevail in the Indian Empire, it entered international existence as a British trading company, which has developed a political and educational mission to the East. In China the history of Aryan aggression, from the opium war waged by the British to the seizure of Kiao-chau by the Germans, has

been one long crime crying to Heaven. The opium war was waged in order to force a people to use a drug which, however poisonous to them, was lucrative to merchants. Against it, all that was good in England revolted, but Li Hung Chang's indictment will not be easy to meet on the Day of Reckoning. God will appear as a Mandarin at the judgment.

The Jesuit mission to Asia was the most romantic chapter in missionary effort. St. Ignatius was a Basque and has been denounced as non-Aryan, but the strength of his order came from the purest Aryan countries. The Jesuits succeeded far more in Teuton countries than in Latin. To-day the German "Assistency" (including Belgium) and the English (including North America) are the most prosperous. The Jesuits, who were originally destined to convert the Moors, became the standard-bearers of the Aryan race in Asia. They are accused of destroying the Aryan conception of liberty in their own persons. To secure inner freedom they deliberately

willed to give up the will. Their success was great, but temporary—"almost civilising South America, and almost converting China," says Acton. Persia all but became Christian again. The first Englishman to make a mark in India was a Jesuit. They passed into China and Thibet. In an hour of destiny Japan rejected the religion of the Aryan, whose secular civilisation she was to adopt two centuries later. She drew down her paper blinds, and remained engrossed with her toy civilisation. Her next visitor was an American war-ship. This time the lesson was learned. One of the strangest reactions of history has been Japan's adoption of Teutonic materialism. To-day she stands over the gates of the Pacific—an Oriental Prussia—as an alternative to becoming a Russian convict station. Who can blame her?

The most enduring influence of England upon the world is the diffusion of her law, which is præ-eminent in North America, India, and Australia. In contrast to the Roman law and Cæsarian code, which set

the state supremely above the individual, the English law tended to keep the law above the King. In this way the American presidency, the English monarchy, and the Australian commonwealth have something in common. Popular right has superseded the divine right of the head of the state. If the English branch of the Teuton family is responsible for the law of the English-speaking continents, the Irish Celt has followed in his tracks, with the gift of religion, throughout America, South Africa, and Australia. England had made Australia the convict midden of empire. Her own criminals and Celtic insurgents were cast out beyond the confines of the civilised world to leap up in a strong democratic commonwealth, in which the Celtic and Teutonic elements are well adjusted. Fiercely as they have conflicted at home, they have combined in every part of the empire to extend the sphere of Aryaland. It is significant of the health of Canada and Australia that each has passed Aryan legislation against the intrusion of the Mongol, whom

the mother country has rather weakly relied upon to uphold her interests in the Far East.

Africa fell into complete European possession within the memory of man after omnivorous partition. As late as 1885 Cape Colony, Algeria, and the Boer Republics were the only large tracts under Aryan control. In the period bordering on the outbreak of the Great War only Liberia, Abyssinia, and Morocco were left outside European dominion, and even over Morocco three powers were threatening war. African possibilities had been pointed out to Europe by a Scotch missionary, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, a Belgian King, and a consumptive dreamer from Oxford. England became "adviser" to Egypt and advised her own autocracy. The names of Victoria and Albert Nyanzas announced that the Anglo-Saxon had unravelled the sources of the Nile. King Leopold of unhappy memory opened up the Congo in order to extinguish "the terrible scourge of slavery." Italy, Portugal, and Germany

also divided up large portions of the "Dark Continent" in the interests of light. Toward the close of the century, under inspiration from Rhodes, England eliminated the two Boer Republics, but against the Aryan conscience as expressed in Europe and America. After needless conquest, as it proved to be, England returned their liberty to the Boers in a sudden fit of generosity, leaving friends and foes to gasp the words of Scripture: "Why this waste?"

By the end of the nineteenth century the Aryan dispersion was geographically complete, and the new century awoke to the unpleasant news of the defeat of a European by a Mongolian power. The new century proved reactionary and disastrous. The expansion and conflict of European powers in foreign fields led indirectly but surely to the Aryan suicide of 1914.

VII

A VIEW OF IRISH HISTORY

DURING the Middle Ages Ireland seemed to lie outside of the mind of Europe. She fell back into the oblivion from which she had once saved classical learning. Her history is a chapter to itself. Ireland seemed destined never to keep step with the rest of the world. The great waves and movements which passed over Teuton and Latin only reached Ireland as ripples in a backwater. Her relations to the outside world can be described as accidental. In the strife and balancement which went to the making of modern Europe Ireland became a shuttlecock. The politics of the Continent acted and reacted on Ireland with tragical effects. This is the theme and philosophy of Irish history, which is worthy of study as the history of a Celtic nation stranded in a Teutonic world.

We have already traced the amazing transubstantiation of Celtic faith, which resulted in two centuries of sustained missionary endeavour by the Irish. The advent of Charlemagne marks the close of that spiritual effort and the subsequent organisation of European Christianity by Teuton stock. Ireland's entanglements with the Continent invariably proved accidental and ruinous. Charlemagne's pressure on the pagan north let loose the Danes to harry Irish learning and leisure. For two centuries the Danes played fast and loose in Ireland, whereby the chances of a Celtic civilisation were retarded and atrophied. Though Ireland has laid the basis of churches throughout the world, she never founded a state even at home.

The Norman episode was one of great result in Europe. The fresh Northman blood dashed the stupid Saxon in England, churned Frankish blood in France, and made a kingdom out of languid Sicily. This episode, which had a settling and strengthening effect elsewhere, only made of Ireland "a shaking sod," in the words of her annalists.

The Norman movement was military, Catholic, and reforming. The Irish Celtic Church was Normanised. Gothic cathedral was piled up against the primitive round tower. At Kilkenny they may be both found together. Castellated castles were raised against the earthen Duns of the chiefs. Unfortunately, the Norman entry into Ireland was used as a predætory expedition, and not as the Pope intended. Worst of all, it was interpreted historically as a Saxon occupation of Ireland, whereat a feud of seven centuries commenced. The absorption of the Normans and the formation of an Anglo-Irish strain were healthy.

Ireland might have developed into a nation, but race differences were always being accentuated from over the water. A compromise was reached when Desmond and Kildare ruled the country nominally for the English crown, but morally for an Irish Ireland. The empire of the Angevins claimed but barely exercised lordship over Ireland. The rising of the Scotch for independence provoked an aftermath in Ireland.

Edward, brother of Robert Bruce, was crowned King of Ireland, at Dundalk, in the year after the English defeat at Bannockburn. After incredible misery to all concerned, he was slain. Thereafter the Scotch alliance languished. It was later an accident whether the Irish fought for red or white in the Wars of the Roses. The house of Fitzgerald happened to believe in the house of York, in whose cause Anglo-Irish chivalry was accordingly decimated, and later the Yorkist pretenders, Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel, were enthusiastically hailed in Ireland—the throne of the uncrowned. The Irish Yorkists fought under Kildare at Towton, where Ormonde, the head of the Lancastrian Butlers, was slain. The victory of Lancaster at Bosworth resulted in a Butler restoration in Ireland. At Stoke the Irish Yorkists were finally cut down under the white rose, which had become to them the symbol of a clan feud. It was the historical luck of the Irish to be the last to recognise the successful houses of Tudor and Hanover. To the waning

houses of York and Stuart they clung with pathetic and wholly undeserved loyalty.

Ireland proved difficult to influence and impossible to absorb. She was no more part of the mediæval than of the pagan empire. The Normans, the feudal system, the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, the wars of Louis XIV, the English and French Revolutions, which all tended to establish the modern nations, only left Ireland disturbed and tossing in the trough of the waves. Racial and religious eddies never seemed to settle in Ireland. When European nations partook of the apple of discord they threw the core to Ireland, whose children's teeth were set on edge thereby. There are times when Ireland's history seems like an unwhitened sepulchre, wherein the living will not allow the dead to bury their dead.

The Reformation caught Ireland in a mesh of accident and cross-purpose. Henry VIII assumed the kingship of Ireland to show that he had broken with the Holy Roman Empire. His marriage with Anne Boleyn, a kinswoman of Ormonde, led indirectly to the Geraldine

Revolt. The Irish showed themselves indifferent concerning Protestantism, which was served to them as a political, not as a spiritual, reform. Many clans were inclined to follow some of their chiefs into the new dispensation, which retained at first all the sacraments. The Jesuits and Friars appealed to the chiefs as anti-English patriots. Out of their antipathy to the Saxon the Irish became more papal than the Pope. The first attempt to strike England through the Irish window was Charles V's appeal to Desmond to avenge the divorce of his aunt, Catherine of Aragon. From Charles V's victory at Mühlberg to Mull, where his son's galleons dashed by to destruction, the strife of the Continent reacted like an evil dream upon the Celt. Henceforth Ireland became a ready pawn in the fingers of England's enemies. Francis I inveigled Desmond into rebellion by promising an army which never came, and Cardinal Richelieu was mixed up in the Irish rising of 1641—a compliment that Pitt repaid later in aiding the Vendée rising. While Ireland suffered from Eng-

lish policy abroad, it is remarkable how unlucky Ireland was to her would-be rulers and governors. Henry II left Ireland to face a grim inquiry into the death of Becket. John "Lackland" divided Ireland into counties, but lost his own. Richard II abandoned an Irish campaign in order to meet prison and death in England. Officials were not happier. Under Henry VIII Lord Leonard Grey returned to the scaffold on the charge of conniving at rebellion. Sir John Perrot, Henry VIII's bastard and natural brother of Elizabeth, was sent by his unnatural sister to die in the Tower, and even her darling Essex lost his head for Irish misadventures. Under Charles, the mighty Wentworth was sent to his death by Irish evidence. In the Carew MSS. there is an exquisite passage: "No Englishman ever tasted the bittersweet of Irish deputyship, but sighed and prayed to leave it. No Englishman who had left it but forgot in England the bitter and remembering only the sweet sighed and consented to return to it."

Spain in the sixteenth, France in the seventeenth and eighteenth, like Germany in the twentieth century, endeavoured to work their own motifs into the chords of the Irish harp. And the Irish trusted them, for the Celt always trusts the enemies of his enemies more than his own friends. The Irish poets sang beautifully to Ireland:

> "There's wine from the Royal Pope,
> And Spanish ale shall give you hope,"

and at another time: "The French are in the bay." The ideals of Germany have even less in common with the Gaelic than the French Revolution, which inspired an abortive rising in 1798.

So it was throughout Irish history. Ireland fared as ill under Catholic Queen Mary as under the Protestant Elizabeth. Tribes settled since the Redemption were dispossessed, and Kings County, with Philipstown for capital, was carved out in honour of a Spanish King, who was accidentally King of Ireland as consort of the English Queen. Under Elizabeth the European drama found

echoes in Ireland. The risings of Shane O'Neill and Desmond kept "the best army in Europe" occupied during vital years, affecting the balance of Europe. Under the Tudors there was no English army available to win victories on the Continent as under the Plantagenets and Hanoverians. This is the reason, forgotten by historians, that Elizabeth was never able to succour the Protestant cause abroad.

When the Spanish Armada broke in epic strife upon England, the Irish coasts were littered with galleons and Dons, some of whom were kindly entreated by the natives. Italians and Spaniards were sent by Pope and Spanish King into Ireland when they could not get them into England. The battle of Kinsale, when the Spanish expedition was worsted, was a turning-point in Irish history, and perhaps in European. Under Elizabeth's auspices was finally written a book called *Hibernia Pacata*, a grim commentary on the famous text of Tacitus: "They make a desolation and call it peace."

It is to be noticed what illusory hopes

England's enemies were always able to implant in the facile Celtic temperament. Philip III sent ducats and biscuits, Popes sent blessed banners and indulgences. In no case was a formidable army ever despatched. Even the Kaiser could only spare a score of men and a tubful of old rifles.

The persecutions which befell the Irish were reprisals for politico-religious acts in France and Spain. Ireland began to assume the rôle of a martyr nation. She seemed to suffer a perennial purgatory for the sins of others. She was made to pay for the sailing of the Armada, and to feel the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

Under the Stuarts Ireland began to be used as a slogan, a battle-cry, or a reproach on the lips of the newly forming English parties. The Stuarts were Celtic and un-English. James I babbled theory, and Charles I died for his abstract opinions. But they brought no luck to Ireland. To the horror of the Puritans the Cavaliers dallied with the idea of using an Irish army in England. In modern times the Non-

Conformist descendants of the Puritans have taken as allies an Irish brigade in politics, while Tory descendants of the Cavaliers have made such Irish assistance a matter of horrified reproach. There is something in the Celt which makes him liable to very radical or very reactionary policies, but seldom permits of a golden mean.

The Stuarts played with Ireland as they played with honour or women. It was only because war with France was menacing that Charles granted his "Graces." The country began to drift into disorder, chiefly owing to the neglect to call a parliament. When the Irish set up their own parliament at Kilkenny, it was significantly enough on the morrow of the battle of Edgehill.

James I, who had been hailed as the son of a Catholic martyr, had opened the Ulster problem by planting Ulster with a Scotch settlement, which neither Irish nor Anglo-Irish could absorb. The Ulster Calvinists married not with "the Canaanitish woman," and by forming a realm of their own remained a perpetual problem to Ireland and to them-

selves. The problem was complicated by the fact that the intruders were half Celts, who, as Moreton Frewen says, "combine Scotch obstinacy—to be courteous, let us call it Scotch rationalism—with Irish emotionalism." James II's adherence to Catholicism drove him out of England into Ireland. Owing to the accident of his alliance with Louis XIV, the Irish found themselves fighting the battles of the French King against William of Orange at the Boyne and Limerick. Dutch William did not come to Ireland as a local deliverer, but as a shrewd player on the continental chess-board. He used the English crown to keep France out of the Low Country, as he crossed the Boyne to defeat an ally of Louis. It is to be suspected strongly that in so doing he had the good wishes of the Pope, who was far more afraid of the great Gallican King than of England and all Deutschtum put together. Ireland was only a passive pawn among them. A French general helped to defend Limerick while the Duke of Wurtemburg was with the English at Cork. But

William left a feud in Ireland which has outlived both Stuart and Capet. For the Stuarts passed away like the Tudors. Ulster was planted and Cromwell came a-weeding. Still the wild tares prevailed in the mountainy places, and the carefully nurtured grain only grew in sheltered corners. The native stock thrived under persecution and neglect, while the planted planters languished. Never was there a more disappointing crop, yet it had been tilled with the sword and watered with blood. The Irish character, like the Irish climate, persisted. Cromwell and Milton both hated Celts with religious feeling. Hence the horrors of Drogheda and Dunbar. Milton felt that if God had a new revelation, "what should He do but reveal it as His manner is first to His Englishmen?" The Cromwellian episode was religious, but it was also racial. It was the grimmest conflict between Celt and Teuton. At Drogheda Celt and Anglo-Celt were massacred. "The Curse of Cromwell" is reserved for fearful emergencies in modern Irish oaths. Other

countries looked to their futures. Ireland began to have a past. Patriotism is the memory of the dead. Fatherlands are graveyards. Nationalists are the defrauded heirs or the triumphant legatees. The Irish became the former.

The result of the war was to ally Ireland sympathetically, religiously, and martially with France. Centuries previously the Irish Celts had kept freedom alive in Gaul, causing the Romans to consider their conquest. Over a thousand years later France kept the ideal of freedom alive in Ireland. But they were dark days for Ireland when England was under Dutch and German Kings. Because Protestants could not live in France, the life of Irish Catholics became a martyrdom. Because there was an Inquisition in Spain, there were penal laws in Ireland. Because Catholics would not keep faith with Protestants abroad, the Treaty of Limerick assuring toleration at home was made "a scrap of paper."

English misgovernment made Ireland the most Catholic country in Europe—an acci-

dent, no doubt, on the part of the governors. Thenceforward the causes of papacy and nationality became indistinguishable. The cause of Tara became inseparable from that of the Tiara. Patriots went out to die for Ireland and found themselves martyred for religion. Confessors leaped into the cause of religion and found themselves hung for treason. To this day the canonisation of Oliver Plunkett has been postponed, because it is difficult to decide whether the English executed him as an archbishop or as an arch-traitor. He was accused wrongly of having fostered a French invasion. The pro-French feeling, though due to historical accidents, was strong and genuine. Fontenoy, the scene of an Anglo-Hanoverian defeat by Irish and French, which Napoleon said preserved the French monarchy another forty years, became the sacred symbol of an ideal for which a quarter of a million Irish perished in the armies of France. What dead student of history could believe that English officials could ever succeed in turning even a section of the Irish into the arms of Lu-

theran Teutonism? *Sed magna estst upiditas et prævalebit!*

With the French Revolution the entente between Ireland and France tended to die down. With the advent of Napoleonic Kaiserism Irish troops began to find their way into Wellington's armies. Napoleon was too practical a despot to care much for Irish freedom. The Irish were religious enough to dislike him. The interviews Napoleon gave to Wolfe Tone only led to an abortive attempt at invasion. Napoleon never set his heart on Ireland. He preferred to meet the English in Egypt. But like the present German Emperor, he was quite willing Ireland should be used as a pawn in the game provided the price was paid in Irish blood and suffering.

It perhaps served him right that the Irish troops were now passing into the same British army which their fathers had treated so summarily at Landen and Fontenoy. It was typical that the retreat at Fontenoy had been covered by the Scotch Gaels—Celt slaying Celt. Macaulay heaped on Fred-

eric the Great—"the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden." The hopes of Catholic Emancipation were high when Irish regiments helped to win Wellington's campaigns in the Peninsula, and the Celtic cry of "Faugh-a-ballagh!" (Out of the way!) became one of the mottoes of the British army.

The overthrow of religion in France caused Ireland's isolation from the Continent. The Congress of Vienna suppressed the Irish brigade in France. With the prodigious advent of O'Connell physical force at home or abroad became discredited. Ireland dropped out of the scheming of the international powers. She became a shuttlecock to English ministers. Gladstone tried both to coerce and free her. Disraeli tried to defend her state church in 1869 which he denounced as "alien" in 1844. Deprived of her parliament, she joined in the general oblivion of her nationality. It needed the ebullient qualities of an O'Connell to drag her out of the slough. He was, perhaps, the most

typical Irishman in history. He was the super-Celt. Whoever would understand the Celts must study O'Connell, for he had all their weakness and all their strength.

O'Connell represented a new departure in the antagonism of Celt and Saxon. He had learnt to use a Teuton tongue with Celtic versatility. In his person Irish political oratory was born full-grown, leaping from his head like Athena from her father Zeus. It was typical of his attitude that he had helped to patrol the Dublin streets during the Emmet émeute. O'Connell won Catholic Emancipation by the sheer power of his voice. "Talking with ease" was a Celtic characteristic in Roman times. He was not without an international repute, for he became the father of modern democracy in Europe.

It might be said that Lacordaire, preaching liberty in the aisles of Notre Dame in Paris, gave an echo of his speeches in Westminster. Catholic Belgium also may be said to have burst her Dutch bondage in unison with O'Connell's struggle against

Orange ascendancy in Ireland. The independence of Belgium from the house of Orange followed the year after emancipation in Ireland.

There is nothing more striking than the manner in which the Celt, for all his fighting qualities, has won his victories over the Teuton by the voice rather than by the sword. Before the mingled thunder of O'Connell's religiosity and patriotism the victor of Waterloo conceded civic liberty to the Catholics. O'Connell's policy of moral force was broken by the impatient rising of 1848, which forms some analogy with the recent outbreak, but had the credit of being even more hopeless, and at the same time unconnected with any foreign power. No race can be more patient and long-suffering under disaster and persecution than the Celt. But no race is liable to be more ebullient, impatient, and grasping at the first gleam of reversal of fortune. The Irish people were intoxicated by O'Connell's success, and though the early decades of the nineteenth century were full of miseries and famines,

there never ceased a hope that the millennium might dawn overnight. The forties were times of transition. O'Connell had set out to repeal the Union. To Repeal as to every cause commended to them at that time the Irish gave a delirious support. They were intoxicated by Father Mathew's teetotal movement. They became almost servile in supporting O'Connell's demand for the abolition of slavery, and on behalf of his Conciliation Hall they were always ready to go to war. When O'Connell declared for moral force, the adherents of a more strenuous policy went in fear of their lives. Words cannot describe O'Connell's power over his millions. With an entire nation at his disposal he entered into a game of bluff with the English Government, who bided their time. Peel, the premier, was also a master of illusionary language. He and O'Connell defied each other with half-drawn swords. Finally the government forbade his monster meeting at Clontarf, and despatched soldiers against a quarter of a million unarmed peasants. O'Connell, who had sworn

to stand on the last rag of the constitution left to him, ordered a retreat, and the game of bluff was won.

But O'Connell's fear to meet bloodshed as well as his "truckling to the Whigs" raised a "Young Ireland" party against him. In the forties as in recent years, we find a school of eloquence allied to politics and patronage being criticised by a school of poetry allied to enthusiasm and separatism. The Young Irelanders, their enemies admitted, were deserving to be hung—in laurel wreaths. The parallel between the Young Irelanders and the Sinn Feiners is close. The insurrection of 1916 could have been deduced from the premises of 1848.

In many ways John Redmond may be set beside Daniel O'Connell. Both leaders held the balance between the English parties, and each allied himself with Whig or Liberal. O'Connell allowed his son and sons-in-law to draw salaries from the government just as Redmond accepted salaries for his party. By a curious compromise O'Connell refused the mastership of the Rolls just as Red-

mond, on a later occasion, declined to enter an English cabinet. So does Celtic subtlety endeavour to keep true to itself. While O'Connell and Redmond were struggling with the devious and dubious ways of English statecraft, they were assailed in the rear by less temperate partisans. The party of obstruction at Westminster was itself obstructed at home.

In both chapters the crisis developed not far from the same locality. The gun-running incident, at Howth, in 1914, was as much the first departure of the Sinn Fein outbreak as O'Connell's abandoned meeting at Clontarf hard by was the turning-point of Young Ireland. In each case the Celtic mind, which is logical and imaginative by turn, received the ineffaceable impression that Irish rights were not secured as the rights of other white men in face of the military. The insurrections which developed out of both situations were overshadowed by two appalling catastrophes—the Great Famine in one case, and the Great War in the other. In each case the extremists decided

to rise before the time when there might be none left in the country to rise. Smith O'Brien led a few starving, half-armed men into a rebellion which was snuffed out after a scrimmage in a cabbage-garden. The poets and dreamers of Young Ireland were scattered, one to become an Australian premier, another an American general. In Ireland they only left a memory of beautiful balladry and forlorn ill success. It was typical that the inspiring spirit of Young Ireland should have been of foreign extraction. Like Patrick Pearce, Thomas Davis was not the son of an Irishman. Davis was a scholar, but no orator, an enthusiast without ambition, a patriot without malice or envy. His quiet teaching set many friends upon paths which led to prison, exile, and death. Fortunately for himself, though not for his country, he died young. But before he died he had broken with O'Connell, and after he died his friends broke O'Connell's mighty heart.

It was not difficult for Young Ireland to make out their case against O'Connell. He

lived in compromise and breathed inconsistency. The spokesman of democracy attacked trades-unions. The incarnation of Irish patriotism called the rebels of 1798 "miscreants." The liberator declared that liberty was not worth winning at the price of a single drop of blood. Eventually O'Connell was forced to face the choice which comes to every Irish leader sooner or later—the question of moral or physical force. It has been compared to the tossing of a coin—heads or tails! Every Irish leader has had to submit to turned tails or broken heads. The O'Neills and the Fitzgeralds and Emmets had called heads and faced the consequences. O'Connell has been historically vindicated in refusing to thrust heroic measures on an unarmed people, but "Young Ireland" thought he was wrong, and perished for thinking so.

O'Connell was Ireland's hero and prophet and deliverer. He was unwilling to be her martyr, but he was worth a churchyardful of martyrs to her while he lived. He gave the Irish the unique weapon of a constitutional-

ism forged out of Anglo-Saxon materials. He taught them to defy the law by keeping within the law. Only the forces of nature herself loosed in their most terrible form could undermine such a power as his. Under the influence of the Great Famine he sank and died. Death is always a popular scene in the lives of Irish leaders. Faults and failures are forgotten in the sunset of defeat. Disaster is the lantern which lights the Irish dead—but disaster in the Celtic cause cannot be quenched. When O'Connell died, it was for him that Ireland wept, and not for her perishing sons and daughters.

Criticising O'Connell is like criticising St. Peter's in Rome. Full of faultiness and ill-taste at close quarters, he appears at a distance gorgeous and even sublime. He was best described by an Irish patriot who was not a Celt himself—John Mitchel: "With a voice like thunder and earthquake, yet musical and soft at will as the song of birds; with a genius and fancy, tempestuous, playful, cloudy, fiery, mournful, merry, lofty, and mean by turns as the mood was on him—a

humour broad, bacchant, riant, genial, and jovial—with profound and spontaneous natural feeling, and superhuman and subterhuman passions, yet withal a boundless fund of masterly affectation and consummate histrionism—hating and loving heartily, outrageous in his merriment and passionate in his lamentation, he had the power to make other men hate or love, laugh or weep at his good pleasure."

In one paragraph John Mitchel summarised the Celtic character. A less friendly view was Froude's, who, writing of the Irish as "the spendthrift sister of the Aryan race," remarked that "they possess some real virtues, and the counterfeits of a hundred more." Froude's view, like that of the Prussian, was that the Irish were not a "culturvolk," and that the English claim rested "in the need of the Irish to be governed."

After the famine the old warfare between Celt and Saxon was continued under every variety of guise—religious, political, and linguistic. Suppressed in one sphere it re-

appeared in another. Two years after the famine Gladstone wrote: "Ireland! Ireland! that cloud in the west, that coming storm, the minister of God's retribution upon cruel and inveterate and but half-atoned injustice." The relations between England and Ireland continued to afford the most long-lived instance of the ancient feud which history found battling on the Rhine. New conflicts concerning churches, land, and language gathered and obscured the old feud. Celtic blood and qualities were often found on both sides of these quarrels, and to the advantage of the presiding Saxon. The ferocity of Irish politics is often due to an overlapping of race. During a period of storm and stress the English Church was disestablished, English and Anglo-Irish landlords dispossessed, and the ideal of national government launched. The protagonists at the close of this period were Parnell and Gladstone, of whom Gladstone was the religious and more Celtic type. When Cardinal Manning described Gladstone as an Italian born a Scotchman, he was trying to

account for the Celtic twist in his character. It was a strange irony such as history delights in, that Parnell, a pure Anglo-Saxon with no religious belief, should have forced Gladstone to do justice to the Irish cause. Ireland is always served by accidents. English Liberals became Home Rulers because they hated the Tories just as Swift, the surliest of Saxons, became an Irish patriot because he hated the Whigs. Chamberlain the Radical once said: "We shall never do any good for Ireland until that old Tory, Gladstone, is dead." Chamberlain the Tory wrecked Gladstone's Home Rule. Parnell was an unquiet but un-Celtic spirit. O'Connell had been taken to gaol imploring the people to keep quiet. When Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham he cynically bid "Captain Moonlight" take his place. His policy was one of agrarian frightfulness, and its logic did not fail to impress the Anglo-Saxon mind. English statesmen bargained with him, but he drove hard bargains. It was felt that he represented an unknown and unbidable power, which was a peril to

England. When the chance occurred of crushing him through his private life, Gladstone availed himself of it. The Irish, with exceptions, rose to destroy him, but when he died they buried him with a frenzy of grief such as only the dead O'Connell had roused. The emotional relations between Parnell and the Irish were unfathomable. He loved them with a cold love which did not exclude a certain amused contempt. At the end they showed a passionate burst of hatred of which the germs must have always lain under their deifying admiration. But who can tell the Celtic heart? The Anglo-Saxon least of all. With other races melancholy is disappointed sentiment. Irish melancholy is hushed hate.

It is not yet time to tell the tale of the last and most tragic episode in Irish history, except to point out that fundamentally it was a clash between Celt and Teuton, and not a pro-German rising. The German interests involved were purely accidental. On previous occasions of strife, at the battle of the Boyne and in the rising of 1798, the

Teuton contingent fought on the English side. The memory of the Hessians pierced into the Celtic soul. The Dublin rising was not a long-pent enthusiasm for Deutschtum so much as the suicidal outburst of a noble idealism that believed it had been deceived. The misunderstanding was due to typical Anglo-Saxon treatment of the Celtic temperament. It is impossible for double-dealing to be practised upon so primitive and passionate a mind as the Irish. Time is never on the side of solution or sedative in Ireland. Event must correspond to sentiment. "Home Rule at no distant date" became a mocking synonym for the Celtic Kalends.

The history is simple. Physical force had been so utterly discarded that ten years ago there were not ten men in Ireland in favour of it. The parliamentarians took their time. The spirit of "Young Ireland" showed itself in literary movements. There was a revival of Gaelic, and a campaign for its introduction into schools. There was an outburst of Anglo-Irish poetry, and the creation

of a national theatre. The delay in Home Rule produced a national policy—Sinn Fein —which had as much relation to Potsdam as to Jerusalem. It demanded simply a moral tariff to be set between England and Ireland, to prevent English ideas coming in and Irish legislators going out. It was as legal as it was logical. Dublin became the centre of economic as well as literary ferment. The germs of the coming revolt were laid in a tract, a play, and a strike. The tract was a brilliant comparison between Ireland and Hungary, by Arthur Griffith, founder of Sinn Fein. The play was Yeats's exquisite *Kathleen in Houlihan*, which evangelised Irish rebellion. The strike was one organised by syndicalists, which gave Dublin the nucleus of a citizen army. Above all hovered the Gaelic movement, led and engineered by Douglas Hyde and John MacNeill.

Meanwhile the parliamentarians were extracting Home Rule by laborious bargaining. The idealists at home suffered them to make alliance with an English party, but when

the price was paid and Home Rule, won constitutionally, was threatened by a display of the very physical force the Irish had abandoned—there arose murmuring. Sir Edward Carson entered the field, and theatrically violated the constitutional method. As Home Rule could not be defeated by moral force, he appealed to physical power. In substance that appeal was identical with that of the Kaiser, and it was likewise clothed with the name of God. After that no law was secure in Ireland. The Irish love justice and have an instinct for the law, but let the law be infringed by the lawyer to an infinitesimal degree, and their law-abiding will turn to law-breaking. To the Celtic mind the law is as sacred as a woman, but let it be violated once, and it becomes an outcast. The Celt does not admit compromise in either chastity or justice. He may be hysterical, but hypocritical—never! The Celt is not mocked. Whatsoever English bureaucrats sow that shall they reap. The war could only come as a deciding influence in Ireland. Either Celt

and Saxon were to be irrevocably united or antagonised. In a short-sighted moment a compromise was adopted. Ireland was given Home Rule on paper in return for her support in the war. That support was lavished in Flanders and Gallipoli. A Home Rule Parliament would have continued it, but under the circumstances the Celt lost faith. Rightly or wrongly he believed he had been tricked, and idealists made up their mind to die in a more noticeable manner than their brothers who had passed into anonymous annihilation abroad. Their connection with Germany was accidental and temporary. A thousand times rather would they have preferred the help of the French Republic. But they preferred to see the failure of their dream than never to have dreamed at all. For these men rose, however blindfoldedly, for the same ideals which Germany has endeavoured to crush in Alsace, Poland, and Belgium. In the world of idea in which the Celt lives and has his being, the Irish troops combating German Kaiserism in France were not far re-

moved from the poets who rose incongruously against the memory of the Teuton régime in Dublin Castle. Both believed they were fighting and dying for Ireland. In her brooding heart of hearts Ireland knows that both intended to do so, and she will gather both to her memory—when the angry cries of partisans are forgotten. It is the tragedy of the Celt that any should have striven to be on both sides of this mighty conflict between the two great Teuton powers. Tragedy, too, that he should have tasted failure for both, that he should fail equally at the Dardanelles and in Dublin.

Over the empire of the Anglo-Saxon, it is said, the sun never sets. In default of sufficient place in the sunlight the German Empire has illuminated the world with flame. But for the Celt the sun has never risen.

VIII

THE TEUTONIC FAMILY SPLIT

In the beginning the modern German and the modern Anglo-Saxon were kindred. They are cousins still, though the former has mingled with the Slav as the latter with the Celt. Once the confines of the great northern forests contained them. Now they cannot agree to share the five seas.

Some distinction should be made between the German proper and the ruling Prussian, who has much mixed with the Wends, a healthy and heathen stock who forestalled the teaching of Nietzsche by killing off weak parents. Some think them Finnish.

We have called the Anglo-Saxon a Teuton guardedly, without any more desire to see and consider all things in Teutonism than to follow the Pan-Celts and decipher Celticism behind every corner of civilisation.

Though spoken language is no racial test, there are signs even stronger than the two groups of place-names, Celtic and Teutonic, into which the British Isles are divided. The underlying theme of English history is the conflict of Celt and Teuton, as their conjunction has been the source of almost all British genius and glory. Even to-day the two races, the two languages, the two characters, the two different aptitudes for religion confront the accurate discerner on every occasion. Mr. Bernard Holland supplies an interesting note as to the twofold working of Celt and Teuton in English history, even after they had settled and intermarried across their border-lines.

It is interesting to note that the line of division between Lancastrians and Yorkists in the Wars of the Roses, between the more Catholic regions and the more Protestant in the Tudor days, between Royalists and Puritans in the Civil Wars, and even between Radicals and Conservatives in the present time was much the same. On one side the North and West of England, including Wales; on the other the South and East and most of the Midlands.

Classes are often fossil races. The two great English parties, Whig and Tory, date

from the cleavage of Celt and Teuton at the time of the Rebellion.

> "When Royal Stewarts bare the sway
> Man neer heard tell of Whig nor Tory."

Curiously enough both words have Celtic origin. Tories were Irish Jacobite outlaws, and the name for political use is due to Titus Oates. Whigs were Scotch Covenanters, though later, as Old Mortality said, "carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation."

When English politicians complain that Parliament does not represent the people, they mean that Scotch, Welsh, and Irish Celts have combined to vote down the Anglo-Saxon. Considerations of race and character show that the Englishman is nearer to the German than to the Celt. All the minglement of blood shed on European battlefields cannot conceal the fact that at heart the Great War is a Teutonic family split.

Only once was an Englishman, Richard of Cornwall, German Emperor, but glancing back through the Middle Ages, and long

after, we see the German and the Anglo-Saxon take turns to maul the Celt and Latin. If the Anglo-Saxon had not been so engrossed in subjecting the various Celts of the British Isles, it is probable he would have combined with the German to prevent France becoming a nation. At the battle of Bouvines France defeated an Anglo-German army. France and Italy, as impregnated with the old Latin blood and culture, came to be regarded as the special spoil and enemy of the Germanic race. At one time a rampaging English army was a chronic calamity in France. Under Louis XIV and Napoleon the Latinised Celt of France asserted himself against the whole continent. In each case England and Germany joined swords to defeat France at Blenheim, Dettingen, and Waterloo. The majority of Marlborough's troops were Dutch and German. Waterloo became a Teuton legend. The meeting of Blücher and Wellington was idealised in picture, as the grim twain prepared to ride down on Paris, whither lead all the roads of war.

The triumph of the Protestant Teuton lost sight of the sacrifice and share taken by Catholic Spain and Orthodox Russia, and the Congress of Vienna, which cleaned up Napoleonic Europe, was, in spite of Talleyrand, a Teutonic dispensation to the world. Mediæval Europe was built on faith, but modern Europe on force. In the one, man was ruled by fear of God, and in the other, by terror of man. The Latin Pope was ignored, and the principle of nationality violated. Belgium was placed under Holland, and Lombardy under Austria. England and Germany were left with redoubled prestige and opportunity before the greatest of centuries—the century which has been given many names, but can be well described as the century of the Teuton.

There was no reason why the two countries should ever clash. They were good cousins and not too intimate neighbours. They had been situated close enough for alliance, and distant enough to avoid jealousy. They shared literary, political, and religious ideals. The hero of all English youth,

Robinson Crusoe, was a German, the son of Kreutzeur of Bremen. Romantic Germany worshipped the English Milord of fiction. Their mutual policy seemed a religious and racial heritage rather than the fruit of diplomatic makeshift. Whenever the suppression of France or the rejection of Rome demanded, they stood instinctively together. Typically, a prince of Hesse-Darmstadt commanded the British troops who captured Gibraltar. Together they had broken away from the Latin church in the sixteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth they had destroyed the last Latin Emperor in Napoleon. It was only his showy shadow that Germany destroyed single-handed at Sedan. When it came, the Teutonic split was symbolised by the English sinking the German war-ship named after the German general who helped them win Waterloo.

Religious and literary affinities moved on the same plane. The Reformation came to England from Germany. Although Henry VIII burned the first German Anabaptists to

arrive, German troops were used to put down Englishmen who rose for the old faith. "The Reformers," says Lingard, "took for their model the intolerance of the German reformers." England liturgised Luther, and Germany nationalised Shakespeare. After the fall of the last Celtic house in England they came to share royalty. The thrones of Hanover and England composed a single joint-stock limited monarchy. Are not the Guelfs of the blood of Odin? During the Victorian age visionaries saw a spiritual brotherhood made flesh in the person of the German prince consort. The forgotten climax to this dream was the Jerusalem bishopric scheme, by which the pious Gladstone and Bunsen arranged that the British and Prussian sovereigns should alternatively elect the bishops of the city of God! The scheme eventually collapsed, but it marked the high-water mark of an alliance which might have dominated the world. It was not racial or religious antagonism so much as commercial and geographical rivalry that divided the Teuton. That which the sword and the

pen had bound, diplomacy, the mouse which gnaws at the roots of all modern civilisation and settlement, loosed. Unconscious differences, no doubt, had begun to develop, but only in the twentieth century did the disparity between German and English become a gulf deep enough to swallow armies. When Germany and England abandoned Catholicism they sought other gods. Their state-Christianity was a varnish, coloured by the predominant objects of national worship—freedom and imperialism in the case of England, philosophy and militarism in the case of Germany. But in each case militarism and imperialism were liable to prove convertible terms. Betwixt German Junker and English Jingo the difference is less even than in sound. The imperialism of both Germany and England came into conflict with the Catholic Church, which seemed a menace at different periods to Elizabeth and Bismarck. When they ceased to fear Catholicism, both countries accorded it a toleration denied to it by the Latin. But as states, England and Germany acquired gods of their own. Un-

der Frederick the Great Prussia returned to the worship of Thor, and Frederick still rules Prussians as the dead Ignatius rules his Jesuits. England adopted a constitution rather than a religion, and slowly evolved a doctrine of freedom as the object of national worship. Magna Carta was her creed, and Parliament her church. There is no stronger tendency in the English mind than to rate liberty higher than orthodoxy. In practice the theoretical love of freedom made compromise the soul of English life. Heine exactly points out how the English love freedom like a lawful wife, the French like a mistress, and the Germans like an old grandmother. The Irish may be classed with the French in this respect.

Prussia took a different line. She gave herself over like a corpse (*sicut cadaver*) to the military power. Under Frederick's remorseless control that corpse was decked with the spoil of a partitioned Poland and a stolen Silesia, though Poland was holy as the Aryan barrier against the Turk. Never-

theless, Napoleon inflicted temporary judgment by overrunning Germany. England and Russia helped Prussia to crawl out from under her own ruins. After the Congress of Vienna Prussia took a new lease of life as secondary partner with Austria in the loose Germanic confederation influenced by the genius of Metternich. Metternich was an early prophet of Pan-Germanism, but the twin tutors of the Hohenzollerns were Voltaire and Napoleon. His policy was the subjection of the individual for the purposes as well as the existence of the state. No wonder Heine's nightmare was to see in the sun "a Prussian cockade!"

The Holy Alliance was launched by a liberal Czar with a view to ruling Europe "conformably to the words of Holy Scripture." The rulers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia pledged themselves by this remarkable document, which proved the beginning of modern humanitarianism and despotism alike, to act "as delegates of Providence!" The phrase seemed so suspicious to England that she promptly abetted the United States

to promulgate the Monroe Doctrine, and thereby exclude any interference by the "delegates of Providence" in "God's own country." The Holy Alliance, which originated as a dream on the part of Russia, was perverted by Metternich into a practical scheme for the suppression of liberty. In the interest of the state he perfected the spy-system, with which a subservient Prussia experimented on her own people, before applying it to others. Metternich even confiscated books concerning the *revolutions* of the planets! Metternich was morally responsible for the revolutions of 1848, which for the most part were directed against Teutonic régime, whether in Italy, Germany, or Ireland. Except for her infatuated system in Ireland, England had tended to draw away from the absolutism on the Continent. Canning had initiated a liberal policy by recognising the republics in South America, and the independence of Greece. With France and Russia she combined to destroy the Turkish fleet at Navarino, which was a brave echo of Lepanto. The typical com-

promise of the English policy was shown in calling the destruction of the Moslem fleet an "untoward event." But with Latin Italy struggling against Teutonic Austria, England's sympathy was never veiled. England gave Belgium a helping hand when she had shaken off Dutch tyranny. It is curious to find the Belgians complaining of the Dutch in 1830 in the same terms that they used of the Deutsch nearly a hundred years later: "Our cities burned—the most barbarous treatment even of old men and of women—the rights of humanity—the laws of war trampled under foot." The Teuton does not change!

Metternich disappeared in the angry fumes of 1848. His work as the master spirit of Deutschtum was taken up in Prussia by Bismarck, who was simply Moloch in an office chair. "During the time I was in office I advised three wars," he bluntly informed heaven and earth—a single sentence which covers all that is to be said for or against him. Henceforth Thor was lifted *in excelsis*. England was more disgusted

than alarmed by the way he made war on Denmark, in the name of the treaty he was actually making war in order to dissolve. Palmerston and Napoleon left Denmark to her fate out of mutual suspicion, though Palmerston wished to save her. Nor was it their affair when Prussia wrested the German presidency from Austria after a three weeks' duel. As a result Lutheran Prussia carried off the lionskin of the Holy Roman Empire, which, duly dusted and secularised, forms the present-day mantle of Brandenburg. Bismarck avoided wounding Austria severely for fear of an alliance between Austria and France, whom he kept neutral in 1866 as he kept England neutral in 1870.

The Franco-Prussian War was England's opportunity to intervene. But her historians, her politicians, and her prince consort had hypnotised her with the Teutonic thesis. The vagaries of Napoleon III also had perplexed England. His folly made him a foil to Prussian intrigue, and his empire an anvil for German ambition. He led France and England to sin against the Aryan concept

by organising the Crimean War to save the Turk from Russia. He warred theatrically on behalf of Italy, and unchivalrously snatched Savoy for his pains. Nationality was not sacred to him, and when Bismarck published traces of his secret desire to occupy Belgium, England felt France was not worth saving. She could not foresee that Europe was worth saving in advance. As soon as England was assured that Belgium would be invaded by neither France nor Germany, Gladstone declared in stilted heroics her protection of that unthreatened country. On August 9, 1870, Bernstorff and Granville signed a Belgian Neutrality Treaty in London. On August 10 Gladstone could safely declare any invasion of Belgium "the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history," etc. Forty-four years later Belgium became the bone of the Teutonic contention.

During the War of 1870 the Irish Celt sympathised with France as deeply as Ulster and the English bourgeoisie sympathised with the German idea. Representative

writers cheered Prussia. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Kingsley showed themselves a Teuton trilogy. Carlyle wrote a public defence of "that noble, patient, deep and solid Germany," which was actually acknowledged by the Bernstorff of the day. "Germany ought to be President of Europe—Queen of the Continent," said the sage of Chelsea, and England permitted it. Kingsley was "full of delight and hope for Germany." Ruskin only saw "vanity, lust, and lying" on the French side, while the German possessed a "certain human measure of modesty, decency, and veracity." Only Ireland wept apart. When France was crushed and the German Empire leaped in shining armour out of the palace of Louis XIV, Freeman announced that the term was "a pardonable confusion of ideas," while a French Empire did but "profane the imperial title." Still Ireland wept, and was cuffed for her tears.

The inevitable conflict between Germany and England was postponed. Bismarck, who had foreseen the war of 1870 from that of 1864, possibly carried to the tomb the

unspoken vision of 1914. Bismarck and O'Connell make an interesting comparison as supermen among Teutons and Celts respectively. Both were colossal and wielded ultra-despotic powers. Both changed and moulded their nations like clay. The Celt was a fervent Catholic and wrought peace. The Teuton collided with the Church and wrought war. O'Connell was an agitator, conscientious, hysterical, sympathetic, irrepressible. He was the genius of his people, and he came and lived to liberate. Bismarck was a schemer, unscrupulous, unfathomable, immovable. His mission was to enslave Germany and to become the evil genius of the Continent he dominated for twenty years. He whispered peace to England while advising Russia to tear up the treaty restraining her in the Black Sea. Though confessing cynically he could not foresee "the cards of Providence," he began to shuffle the European balance against "the day." His conception of the Deity as a card-player was typical—with the understanding, of course, that Teutons are trumps.

To make a distinction, the Teuton is affected by "luck," where the Celt is touched by superstition. The materialist, where he cannot reduce things to rule, believes in "luck." Religious idealism is convinced that God undoes and supersedes his own laws. Hence the Celt prefers to await the miraculous, while the Teuton goes out of his way to find or forge circumstances for himself.

Bismarck made the circumstances of modern Germany. The nation of philosophers was abolished and an empire of militarists put in its place. Philosophy and militarism even combined to produce the superman of Nietzsche. How was this realised? How did the dreamy Germans, to whom Richter, in irony, gave the empire of the air to dream in, materialise the Zeppelin? What led the country where, Madame de Staël said, "The man who is not occupied with the universe has really nothing to do," to exchange universal thought for world-power? The clew lies in another keen diagnosis by Madame de Staël, who separated their understanding from their character: "The one cannot suffer

any limits, the other is subject to every yoke. The one is very enterprising, the other very timid. The illumination of the one seldom gives strength to the other." Chivalry, she noticed, survived in Germany alone, out of which she prophesied nothing great could come save by liberalism. She was right, for chivalry wedded to the jack-boot produced the bastard militarism. With ruthless wisdom Bismarck proceeded to isolate France after England and Russia had refused to allow him to crush her in 1875. At the Berlin Congress he combined with Disraeli to check Pan-Slavism, and suggested to France that she occupy Tunis, which she did, and alienated Italy. The friendship of Russia he threw over for that of Austria, and the Central Alliance was centralised. Italy entered on pique. France remained friendless till Bismarck's fall in 1890. In 1891 the Czar heard the *Marseillaise* at Cronstadt, with cap in hand. In France the Revolution once went to Mass, but in Russia despotism saluted the Revolution. By the unexpected and the contradictory the cal-

culations of the Teuton were undone. To make a distinction, the Teuton calculates and the Celt guesses.

Bismarck trusted in a friendly neutrality from England, and England was as anxious to retain her "splendid isolation" as France had been to escape from hers. So England drifted. England could not foresee. She blessed the beginnings of Germany's colonisation, it is true, when little was left to colonise, and complimented her first attempt at a fleet, which was an imitative compliment to herself. Salisbury considered the Austro-German alliance "good tidings of great joy." In a rash moment Salisbury exchanged Heligoland for Uganda—"a new suit for a trouser-button," complained Stanley. Bismarck wished to leave the African sand "for the Gallic cock to scratch." But new influences were foreseeing a future for Germany on the water as well as on land. Germany collected the scourings of the Pacific, a chip of China, and some African swamps under the honorific presidency of a colonial secretary. Samoan chiefs were received in Berlin

as though they were Indian rajahs. New ideas were dominating Berlin. Bismarck's modern diplomacy was supplemented by a revival of religio-world-policy. The enormous powers of German Teutonism came under the dangerous control of a self-deceived egoist. A mediæval Emperor grasped the threads of modern diplomacy. The defect of the Bismarckian state showed itself very apparently. It was a state which worked on the past ills instead of thinking toward the future good of the world. The German soul was lifted up on its own behalf, not on the behalf of civilisation. Patriotism was made servile. The Romantic spirit stiffened into Pan-Germanism. Even the floating idea of a universalism, such as that of the Holy Roman Empire, only took the narrowest nationalist ground in the Kaiser's mind. The only mediæval Emperor he could be compared with was Frederick II, for Wilhelm II is likewise "*stupor mundi.*" Like Frederick, he has an unholy affection for Moslems. He made Germany heiress to England's pro-Turk policy. What a par-

ody of the Christian and Aryan ideal it was when he laid a wreath on the tomb of Saladin, and kissed the Sultan on his trip to Calvary. Renan only wished to live to see what would happen to William II.

Three episodes took place on the road to the Teutonic Armageddon. Briefly they may be termed Africa, the Far East, and the Balkans.

In Africa the great Powers first began to feel each other's strength. On the whole it made a wide and safe sparring-ground. Each power seized multitudinous miles of territory and played "King of the Castle" with slight chance of friction. In the Transvaal, however, the Kaiser threw down the gage of challenge, which England picked up nearly twenty years later. Jameson made his famous raid in times of perfect peace with armed forces. It was a case of Teuton meeting Teuton, for Kruger defeated him. The Kaiser, as vague overlord of all folk Dutch and Deutsch (according to Pan-Germanism), congratulated Kruger, and England was temporarily antagonised. The

truth of the raid was kept a secret, though known to Rhodes, and possibly to Chamberlain, and remains in the same darkness as that part of the Spanish archives, which might show Bismarck's deep part in running a Hohenzollern puppet for the throne of Spain for the mere purpose of provoking the war with France. Chamberlain persisted in his policy of bringing the Boer Republics to action. After a miserable war, England won, but returned the Boers the liberty she had expended thousands of lives to take. It was a noble volte-face which did not lose its reward.

During the Boer War the Kaiser began to promote his naval scheme, having discovered what the Northman and the Anglo-Saxon had discovered long before, that the future of the Teuton is on the water. "Every German war-ship constitutes a fresh pledge for peace," he said, forgetful that he assumed the title of "Admiral of the Atlantic," and not the admiralty of the *Pacific*, which he had allotted to the Czar. England had avoided his rivalry, and preferred to quar-

rel with France at Fashoda. But in 1899 Chamberlain suggested a German alliance for the last time—"The main character of the Teutonic race differs very little from the character of the Anglo-Saxon." The Celt will agree with Chamberlain. After the Boer War the English Jingoes began to snuff danger from the Prussian Junkers—deep answering unto deep—shallow unto shallow. English policy suffered a sea-change.

The sparring-ground turned to the Far East. England, as usual, was first in the field. In 1894 she had the foresight to accept Japan as civilised, and in 1902 she made an alliance with her pregnant with as yet unmeasurable event. In two years she found herself in the unenviable position of keeping the ring while an Asiatic Power defeated a European. It was the end of Teutonism in the Far East. No more chips of China could be taken as indemnity for dead missionaries, but it entailed a Prussianised Japan. In Europe the counter-effects were remarkable. Germany cynically imposed a

ruinous commercial treaty on broken Russia, and the Kaiser took advantage of the Russian defeat to challenge France in Morocco. At Algeciras was the future division of Europe clearly shown. The Anglo-French entente was proven a reality, for France, remembering Sedan, had forgiven the Soudan, and the English fleet lay behind French diplomacy—the white ensign tucked under a white glove. Italy showed herself too friendly to the entente to please Germany, while Austria proved herself a "brilliant second" to Germany, to use the Kaiser's words. French rights in Morocco were on a par with England's mission in Egypt, Austria's in Herzegovina, and Russia's in Persia. The international code is Teutonic. It remained for a Celt, Mr. Dillon, to inquire in Parliament what the Moroccans felt. And all the while the brilliant Delcassé fenced and finessed with perilous adroitness. It is untrue they finally hedged Germany with a ring of iron, or Germany would not have declared war. But they threw a ring round her which was partly

paper, and this is probably why Germany risked war. The Teuton broods his coming advantage as the Celt broods past failure.

There was no doubt that England and Germany were divided at last, and Lord Haldane, the last prophet of Anglo-Germanism, could only say: "It is because we have got so much like each other that a certain element of rivalry comes in." The fuel of a crisis was always ready. Germany lacked colonies. England lacked imagination. Quite unconsciously England drifted toward war on the security of the seas.

The Teutonic tragedy sprang from a centre where England and Germany had combined to instil peace. The Balkans proved an Irish problem with Mohammedan complications. The curse of the Ottoman entails a European war every time Turkish territory is infringed. The Teuton influence was opposed by the Slav, and the Catholic by the Orthodox. Austria had gathered Bosnia and Herzogovina into Teutondom while Germany bayed Russia. The day came when the Teuton champion was struck down at

Serajevo, and Austria laid sudden hands on Servia. This time Muscovy was not taken in vain. It is written that the day of the Slav will follow the day of the Teuton. "The Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning." Of the enemies of the Teuton the Celt has been worsted, the Jew has barely held his own, while the Slav is yet to meet him, not so much with Cossacks as by that strange, Oriental, unfathomable power which neither the German rationalist, nor the Latin Church, nor the arms of France, nor the ships of England have ever been able to break.

The acts and scenes of the World War are many, but the supreme plot is one—which of the two imperial branches of the Teutonic family shall rule the sea. Others are fighting for local ends, but only two for the sea. For the sea is a trench which runs round the world, and it is the final trench which must be taken and held by the master of the world. Merged in the conflict of the Teutons are Celts, Latins, Slavs, and Turks—races whose day is past or yet to come. It is piteous that England's policy should have

retained the Turk and all but lost the Celt to Europe. France fights for Alsace-Lorraine and vengeance, which is the prerogative of the godlike. But France's revenge, Servia's death-agony, Poland's awakening in death, Italy's first trial as an international—these are not the central theme. The issue of the war is whether German or Anglo-Saxon shall control the waterways of a planet which is more ocean than land. The children of Thor contend. Centuries past and centuries to come are gathered to a point. The cry of the Celt is heard and passes away as in agony. Saxon and German contend for victory, for, as Treitschke said, "One can only judge by what has succeeded." The European Celts have risen against the Germans true to their "passionate reaction against the despotism of fact," but to the Celt success is not all. To the victorious Germans, of 1871 Renan cried: "Let me tell you you have fallen!" Once again they have fallen, but before they were defeated. Victory is of the Spirit. The world will rest long and well afterward,

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for it can only afford an epic once in a millennium.

It will be a long time before the West and the East, the Republic of the Stars and the Empire of the Rising Sun meet in conflict over the bones of the old Kings of the Sea.

only till 1942

CB 206 .L5 SMC

Leslie, Shane
The Celt and the world